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M'Kean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XLV — SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1908. — NO. 16

PEOPLE VOTED FOR PAVING ON TUESDAY

And Authorized the Bond Issue by a Goodly Majority.

VOTE WAS 194 FOR TO 126 AGAINST

Much Interest Taken and Large Vote Was Out—The Council Should Complete Plans and Start Work Without Delay.

The question of bonding this borough in the sum of $91,645.60 for the purpose of paving so much of Main street as the burgess and council deem proper was voted on by the voters of this borough on Tuesday and was carried by a majority of 68, there being 194 votes for the increase of debt and 126 against it.

Now it is up to the council to formulate plans for this paving, issue and sell the bonds and get the work started as soon as possible. Every effort should, and no doubt will, be used to give the taxpayers of Smethport the very best possible value for their money.

Last June a vote was taken on practically the same question, with the exception that it was required that said pavement should be forty feet wide through the business section of town and thirty feet wide through the residence section and that the pavement must extend from Long street to McCoy's corner, a distance of one mile. This was carried by a vote of 285 for to 26 against, and bids were asked for. When the bids were opened it was found that the lowest bid for a concrete foundation was close to $48,000, and that there was only about $10,000 available for this purpose—$20,000 from bonds and about $14,000 in donations. A majority of the council were for concrete or nothing and therefore, nothing was the result. During the winter the council again advertised for bids, hoping that prices might be lower, but the prices were unchanged. Then it was decided that if we were to have paving the council must be given power to narrow or shorten the pavement, and an ordinance was drawn giving them such power, and voted on with the above result.

It has been persistently rumored by some at least that if the new paving ordinance was endorsed by the voters that many of the large donations subscribed for the paving of Main street would be withdrawn. How true these rumors are we are not in position to state, but we are rather inclined to believe that few of the donors will withdraw if a suitable pavement can be had covering a large percentage of the distance originally proposed. By narrowing the pavement to conform with the present width of the road it would seem that the whole distance might be paved providing the donations are not materially decreased.

Much may depend on the action taken by the council whether these donations stand or not, and we, therefore, urge this body to use the utmost precaution in every detail of this work. No time should be lost in making all arrangements, but time should be taken to do everything carefully and systematically.

The donors for paving are composed of our most honorable and substantial business men and we do not believe that any of them will rescind an agreement made in good faith unless they can show some good reason for so doing.

Good Friday Services.

At St. Luke's church the services on Good Friday will be as follows: Morning Prayer and Litany 9 o'clock. Preaching of the Cross 12 m. to 3 p. m. Childrens' Service at 4 p. m. Evening service at 7:30. The service from 12 m. to 3 p. m. will consist of sermons on the Seven Sayings from the Cross, with prayer, space for silent devotions, and congregational singing of old, well known hymns. A general invitation is given to this service. People may come in at any time, and leave during the singing if unable to remain for the whole service. Parents are asked to help gather the children for the 4 p. m. service and the Story of the Cross.

Hand Painted China.

Just received, a new line of G. G. Rhoder's fine Hand Painted China for my Easter display. I will be pleased to show you this beautiful stock, should you wish to buy or not.

MOLLIE E. PIERCE.

Spring Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

16tf MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

Carpets Cleaned and Laid.

Any one wishing carpets taken up and cleaned, drop postal or call on H. E. Spring, Hill St. Next to Grist Mill.

Chestnut Fence Posts for Sale.

Second-growth chestnut fence posts at 12 cents each. Apply to James Quirk.

Young Man Killed Himself.

Monday's Era, says: Forest Sprague, aged 25 years, a highly respected young man of Davis City, ended his life early last evening by shooting himself with a revolver. The deed was committed in the highway about a mile from Aikin toward Kinzua Junction.

The young man lived with his parents Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Sprague, of Davis City, where the father is a well known storekeeper. The young man returned about two weeks ago from the vicinity of Harrisburg, where he had been employed in drilling operations. Yesterday afternoon he appeared, as usual, to be in a cheerful mood and assisted his father in gathering the sap from a sugar bush.

In the evening about 8 o'clock young Sprague left the house and walked down the road. He had gone about a mile when he met James Hudson, of Row City, and a young lady friend in a carriage. Sprague stopped and shook hands with the young people and started on his journey. He had gone not more than a hundred yards when the occupants of the carriage heard a shot. Stopping his horse, Mr. Hudson went back and found Sprague lying by the roadside with a bullet hole in his head. The young man was dead.

Assistance was summoned and relatives were notified of the tragedy. Later the body was conveyed to the home of his parents at Davis City.

Sprague was a single man and he had been keeping company for a long time with a young woman who lived at Aikin. For some reason an estrangement had developed and Forest was much distressed because another had apparently supplanted him in the affections of the young lady.

The revolver with which the deed was committed by the young man was taken from under a pillow in his father's bedroom. The father had discovered the absence of the gun about ten minutes before the telephone rang to announce the tragedy. Mr. Sprague, the father, was fearful of the tragedy ever before the notification came by telephone.

The deceased leaves, besides his parents, one brother, Burrell of Davis City; two sisters, Miss Maude Sprague of Davis City and Miss Stella Sprague, a school teacher at Tuna.

Have Option on Glass Plant.

Joseph Bizet and Leon Andre, two well known and expert glass workers, and business men of Brookville, Pa., have an option which ends April 25th on the glass factory at this place and there is little doubt but what these gentlemen and others who are associated with them will purchase the factory from A. P. Huey, of Kane, B. T. Jones, of North Tonawanda, and Attorney John F. Stone, of this place. In fact Messers. Bizet and Andre stated positively that alterations will begin within a few days to put the factory in operation and it will be run at least nine months of each year. In the recent sale of the property the deed was made out in the name of Attorney W. P. DuBois of this place who represents several creditors of the Manufacturers' Glass Company.

By the sale of the property to the Brookville gentlemen, the creditors of the Manufacturers' Glass Company will not only realize 100 cents on the dollar, but will profit by their investment, as the selling price of the factory is now $50,000. It is a good proposition for the gentlemen who propose to buy it. The plant is surrounded by forty-six first class houses, 55 7-10 acres of land and personal property aggregating nearly $20,000. The plant is equipped second to none in the country, it is located only about fifteen minutes walk from the court house, and the C. & P. A. R. R. trains stop within two blocks of it. There is also good school advantages, all of which should be important factors in persuading men of families to locate here.

The Roulette Gas Company will furnish fuel for the factory.—Potter Democrat.

Easter at St. Luke's.

At St. Luke's there will be celebrations of the Holy Eucharist at 8 and 10:30 a. m. Morning Prayer at 10 o'clock. Tour's service in C will be sung. The anthem will be, "Now upon the first day of the week"—Monk.

Evensong at 8:30 with Easter Carols and address to the children on the Easter Story. The general Communion will be at 9 a.m. The 'bus will leave the school house at East Smethport at 7:30 a. m. to bring communicants to this service and will return at 8:45 a. m. Liberal offerings are asked for general missions. Services at All Saints', East Smethport, at 3:30 p. m.

Hand Painted China.

On Monday Mrs. Lillian S. Backus will have an attractive line of hand painted china on exhibition at her home at No. 605 Main street. All are invited to call an inspect this line.

Flowers for Easter.

Potted Plants—elegant assortment—beautiful blossoms. Cut flowers of all kinds at D. M. Brasted's.

Potted plants and cut flowers for sale at Mary L. Bisett's.

Subscribe for the MINER.

RESULT OF SATURDAY'S PRIMARIES.

The Voters Were Many in Number and Some Contests Were Close.

BALDWIN, SENATORIAL NOMINEE.

Morrison, Sheriff—Starsky, Prothonotary—Foster, Clerk of Courts—Marsh and Peterson, Commissioners—Abbey and Anderson, Auditors.

Each party polled a big vote last Saturday and the contests in many instances were close and exciting—in fact it was not until Monday that the successful ones for various offices could be picked with any degree of accuracy.

The Republican ticket decided upon is as follows: Congress, Chas. F. Barclay; Senator, Frank E. Baldwin; Representatives, Robert P. Habgood and James A. McKean; National Convention Delegates, L. Emery, Jr., and Harry Boulton; Alternates, David Howells and George Paton; State Convention Delegates, Alf Evans, J. C. Greenewald and H. H. Redfield; Sheriff, W. H. Morrison; Prothonotary, B. F. Starsky; Clerk of Courts, Frank R. Foster; District Attorney, Guy H. Mayo; Register of Wills, John B. Eastman; Recorder of Deeds, H. M. Choate; County Commissioners, A. M. Marsh and John A. Peterson; County Auditors, A. A. Abbey and Albert R. Anderson.

TOTAL REPUBLICAN VOTE IN COUNTY.

For Congress — Chas. F. Barclay, 3,050.

For Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, 2,296; George W. Williams, 1,307.

For Representatives—Robert P. Habgood, 2,012; James A McKean, 2,068.

For National Delegate—Harry Boulton, 1,756; L. Emery, Jr., 2,008; W. Fred Reynolds, 1,340.

For Alternates—David Howells, 2,188; George Paton, 2,868.

For State Delegates — Alf Evans, 2,699; J. C. Greenewald, 2,767; H. H. Redfield, 2,682.

For Sheriff—J. F. Davis, 1,607; E. W. Jones, 679; Burt McAllister, 577; John W. McKnall, 312; W. H. Morrison, 1,168.

For Prothonotary — B. F. Starsky, 1,988; A. B. Walker, 1,544.

For Clerk of Courts—Bert J. Cummins, 1,581; Frank R. Foster, 1,709.

For District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, 3,322.

For Register of Wills—John B. Eastman, 3,082.

For Recorder of Deeds—H. M. Choate, 3,074.

For County Commissioners — Delos Armstrong, 643; A. M. Boardman, 710; Oscar Engstrom, 606; C. W. Freeman, 502; P. D. Hopkins, 723; A. M. Marsh, 1,111; John McCarey, 616; John A. Peterson, 1,065; James Sweeney, 1,051; B. D. Tome, 130.

For Auditors — A. A. Abbey, 1,844; Albert R. Anderson, 1,706; B. G. McFall, 1,250; J. H. Stull, 1,495.

DEMOCRATIC VOTE FOR COMMISSIONERS.

John P. Devlin and W. I. Oviatt were the successful men on the Democratic ticket in the race for the nomination for County Commissioners. The total vote was as follows: M. S. Comes, 218; J. P. Devlin, 481; Geo. B. Montgomry, 229; W. I. Oviatt, 258; W. F. Parsons, 109.

THE BOROUGH VOTE.

Republican.

For Congress—Barclay 220.

For Senator—Baldwin, 180; Williams, 38.

For Representatives — Habgood, 219; McKean, 348.

Delegates to National Convention—Boulton, 123; Emery, 206; Reynolds, 116.

Alternates—Howells, 215; Paton, 229.

Delegates to State Convention—Evans 201; Greenewald, 215; Redfield, 209.

For Sheriff — Davis, 36; Jones, 118; McAllister, 7; McKnall, 2; Morrison, 112.

For Prothonotary — Starsky, 182; Walker, 88.

For Recorder—Choate, 247.

For Register of Wills—Eastman, 251.

For Clerk of Courts—Cummins, 114; Foster 154.

For District Attorney—Mayo, 249.

For Commissioners — Armstrong, 50; Boardman, 46; Engstrom, 126; Freeman, 85; Hopkins, 52; Marsh, 14; McCarey, 59; Peterson, 78; Sweeney, 5; Tome, 14.

For Auditors—Abbey, 125; Anderson, 93; McFall, 106; Stull, 162.

Committeeman—Backus, 237.

Democratic.

For Congress—Walker 39.

For Senator—Seibert, 42.

For Delegates to National Convention—Kerr, 41; Naginey 14; Spangler, 24.

Alternates—Costello, 30; Fagnan 43.

For Delegates to State Convention—McConnell, 15; Paul, 38.

For Representatives — Hilton, 50; Shaw, 31.

For Sheriff—Fennerty, 45.

For Prothonotary—Holder, 44.

For Recorder—Simpson, 38.

For Register of Wills—Patterson, 69.

For Clerk of Courts—Burt 37.

For District Attorney—Tyler, 38.

For Commissioners—Comes, 18; Devlin, 96; Montgomery, 14; Oviatt, 24; Parsons, 6.

For Auditors—Cory, 47; Frazer, 36.

Committeeman—Hungiville, 40.

Many Pay Loving Tribute.

Pittsburg Dispatch, April 10: After loving tribute has been paid by a dignitary of the church and the sweet voices of the girls' choir which she organized sings the last hymn, Miss Anna Elizabeth McCandless' remains will be borne to the grave by six clergymen to-day, followed by many sorrowing Christian workers.

Miss McCandless' bier at her late home, 944 Western avenue, Northside, was continually surrounded yesterday by persons of all religious denominations with whom she had worked and many of whom she had aided materially or spiritually. She was undoubtedly the best known church and charitable worker in this community, having devoted practically her whole life to the uplifting of humanity and the betterment of the poor and lowly.

Miss McCandless' death was due principally to overwork. Until a few days before her death on Tuesday she devoted almost every hour of the day to her church and charities. Her demise has cast a gloom in many civic and church organizations in Allegheny county, and her loss will be keenly felt by the Episcopal church throughout the diocese.

The funeral will take place from her home this afternoon at 2 o'clock. Bishop Cordland Whitehead of the Pittsburg diocese will officiate, assisted by Rev. R. M. Paddock, rector of the Emmanuel Episcopal Church of the Northside, of which Miss McCandless was a member and over whose Sunday school she had had supervision for a number of years. Father Alexander, rector of a mission on the Southside, will also participate in the services, and a large girls' choir will render the music. The following pallbearers will lower the remains into the grave in Allegheny cemetery: Rev. E. H. Young, rector of Christ Episcopal church, Northside; Rev. Christian M. Young, St. Thomas' Memorial church, Oakmont; Rev. Fred Ingley, St. Mary's church, Braddock; Rev. A. Alexander, Church of the Good Shepherd, Hazelwood; Rev. J. R. Wightman, Church of the Redeemer, East End, and Rev. C. M. Conaga, St. John's church.

Miss McCandless was born in Etna, April 17, 1867. She was a daughter of John and Rebecca McCandless, both deceased. Miss McCandless spent practically all her life in Allegheny. She was president of St. Barnabas' Guild, vice president and manager of the Daughters of the King, general manager of the Women's Relief Society of the Emmanuel Parish, assistant manager of the Fresh Air Home for Working Girls, President Woman's Auxiliary, was one of the most prominent civic workers in Pittsburg, and during the last two decades attended many national meetings in different parts of the country acting as delegate for organizations of which she was a member.

Miss McCandless is survived by two brothers and three sisters. They are: Rev. J. H. McCandless, rector of St. Luke's Episcopal church, Smethport; George A. McCandless, Oakmont; Miss Sarah A. McCandless, Miss Mary Emma McCandless and Miss Rebecca McCandless, with whom she lived on Western avenue.

Joel Rice in Jail.

Port Allegany Reporter: Joel Rice, a former Liberty township resident, is in jail at Smethport. Joel has been fleeing from justice for a couple of years. He was found at Portsmouth, Va., and Officer Dennis of Bradford went there after him and took him to Smethport yesterday afternoon. A couple of years ago Rice became possessed of a letter directed to Joel Price, a name name very nearly his own. The letter was first addressed to Turtle Point and forwarded to Port Allegany for delivery. It is understood that Rice at first refused the letter but afterwards called for it. It contained a draft for $300.00 in the name of Joel Price. Whether this name was changed to Rice or whether it went through without the change we have not learned, but anyway Joel took the draft to Bradford and induced a man named McDonald to identify him at the bank by endorsement. About this time Joel Price of Ceres was making a holler because he did not get the money due him and the maker of the draft traced it back to the Bradford bank and received his money and the real Price eventually received his. The bank held McDonald was the real loser and he will be. He swore out a warrant for Rice and has been looking for him since. Rice went to Portsmouth and invested the money and has been there since. It is understood that Mrs. Rice of the township followed him there about a year ago and that she and the family are there now. Rice secured a hearing at Bradford yesterday and was committed to jail by Alderman Foley. He will probably be tried at the next court term.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

Died at his residence in this borough on Wednesday October 24, 1888, at two o'clock p. m., Geo. R. Moore, Esq., of cancer of the liver, aged 60 years. Mr. Moore was born in Keating township, near the present residence of Capt. A. H. Cory at Coryville, on the 9th day of April, 1828. His father was one of the earliest settlers of the township. His early life was only a repetition of the lives of most of the boys who are raised in frontier settlements. Their work was of the hardest and most laborious character—that of clearing up the farms upon which their fathers located. Their opportunities for acquiring an education were of the most limited character, and what little they did obtain was under the most disadvantageous circumstances. When a young man Mr. Moore went to Erie county, this state, to work at lumbering, a business which he followed up to his death. In 1847 he married Miss Martha A. Farnsworth of Greenfield, Erie county, who survives him. Soon after his marriage Mr. Moore returned to this county and was in the employ for some time of Hon. S. A. Backus, who was engaged in lumbering at Turtle Point. Afterwards he formed a partnership with Hon. A. M. Benton, and engaged in lumbering about four miles east of Port Allegany. In a few years they dissolved, when Mr. Moore moved to Port Allegany and commenced lumbering a short distance up the Allegany Portage. He continued there until the Pithole oil craze broke out in 1864 when he threw up his business in this county and moved to that famous oil town remaining there until 1867. He then moved to Warren where he operated in the lumbering business near there and afterwards on to Sugar Run, in this county, where he engaged in the same business until the year 1879, when he moved to this place and commenced lumbering at Clermont, in company with his son, C. H. Moore. During his lumbering operations in Venango and Warren he was unfortunate by becoming associated with men who would leave him in the lurch, financially, but for the past fifteen years he has been very successful, leaving a comfortable estate for his family. He was a hard working man, and those most intimate with him, in a business point of view, say that he was straight-forward in his dealings. He was highly respected by all his acquaintances, and his death, although it has been expected for many months, is a severe blow to a large circle of friends, and especially so to his wife and two daughters, Mrs. Jennie Farr of Clermont and Mrs. Ella Lehman of Mt. Jewett, and his son, C. H. Moore, Esq., of this place. The funeral will be held at the M. E. church on Saturday morning, at half past ten o'clock.

Died, at his residence in this borough on Saturday, Oct. 27, 1888, at half past one a. m., of heart disease, Mr. Francis Moses, aged 65 years. Mr. Moses was born in Cuba, N. Y., on the third day of May, 1823. He belonged to a family of eleven children—six sons and five daughters. Of these, Samuel of Cuba—who is now lying very ill at his home—Capt. C. C., Richard, and Mrs. John Wright, all of Elfred, and Mrs. Burnham of State Line Mills—mother of D. H. Burnham, formerly Supt. of Poor Farm—are still living. Mr. Moses was twice married, first to Emeline Eggleston. Only one of their three children, Frank S. of Nebraska, is still living. His second wife, who survives him, was Mary Sortor of Belmont, N. Y., to whom he was married in September, 1852. Their three children are living, William and Mrs. Ida Stranp in Nebraska and Clarence in Tarport, this county. Mr. and Mrs. Moses had just returned from a four weeks' visit in Nebraska when he was taken sick; in fact he was not feeling well when he came home. He was confined to his bed just three days before he breathed his last. Mr. Moses moved to this place three years ago. He was a mason by trade, and has followed his occupation quite successfully since he came here. He was a man of inflexible convictions and unswerving in his devotion to friends. One of his marked characteristics was "to do unto others as you would have others do unto you." The funeral was held at his residence on Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock, the services being conducted by Rev. T. W. Chandler of the M. E. church. The burial services were taken in charge of by the Masons, of which Mr. Moses was an honored member. A large number of sorrowing friends followed the remains to the cemetery.

The wedding of W. P. Burdick, an esteemed M. D., and Fantine, daughter of L. Rogers, took place at the residence of the bride's parents on King street, Tuesday, October 30, 1888, in the presence of a large number of relatives and friends, Rev. J. H. McCandless officiating. The event, which passed off pleasantly, occurred under the most auspicious circumstances, the day being bright and beautiful, at the close of a long period of inclemency. After the ceremony the happy couple started for the depot, amid a volley of canister and solid shot, consisting of rice and old shoes, in order to take the train for points east. The presents were rare, exquisite and beautiful, demonstrating the regard of all for the bride and groom.

Rev. H. W. Willihan, pastor of the Baptist church of this place, was married Monday, October 29, 1888, to Miss Marie Georgia of Smethport, the ceremony being performed by Rev. J. P. Thome, in Bradford. The bride is one of Smethport's most estimable and beloved ladies.

The Travellers' Club in Japan.

The regular meeting of the Traveller's Club was held at the home of Mrs. R. C. Gleason last Saturday afternoon. A committee of five arranged a special program for the afternoon, which proved to be a delightful social entertainment as well as an interesting and instructive session. Invitations to the members had been issued, written in Japanese style upon Japanese napkins. The ladies responded by appearing in flowing kimonos with the regulation obis and hair arranged in as nearly the Japanese style as possible.

Upon being ushered into the pretty parlors, decked in cherry blossoms, chrysanthemums, lauterus, banners, vases, parasols and various objects of interest, all in Japanese effect, the guests were surprised by the committee, who, instead of the American handshake, greeted their guests with the somewhat disconcerting Japanese kowtow.

After a short, preliminary session, to dispose of several business matters, the following program was rendered:

Paper, The Japanese Tea Garden, Mrs. Pierce; Song, The Geisha Karama, Leona Hogarth; Paper, Japanese Theatres, Mrs. Studholme; Song, (a) The Jap Dolly, (b) Japanese Lullaby, Mrs. Baker; Poem, "In the Far East," Aldrich, Mrs. Hogarth.

Following this, tea was served in the dining room, the guests seated Japanese style upon the floor, unless they preferred the American chairs which were conveniently in evidence. The decorations of the round tea-table were unique and beautiful and would have to be seen to be appreciated. The cherry blossom, Japan's national favorite, was used in profusion. The branches were very natural imitations of pink and white living bloom, and had been manufactured of twigs, paper and twine by the enthusiastic committee. Real Japanese plates, cups and saucers were used and the guests enjoyed the fragrant tea, rice wafers, rice and shrimp croquettes, little pink, white and yellow cakes, and preserved ginger which is always served in Japan.

The Gleason's den on this afternoon was the attraction for all who wished to have their fortune told by a Japanese woman who gave each applicant a small seed-like object. This was placed in a Japanese bowl of water. Immediately a thread unwound from the seed and soon a beautiful flower, bird or other object unfolded and each object had its mystical meaning. The Japanese game of battledoor and shuttlecock was played by all who cared to try their skill. During the games Mrs. Scott Walker played the Japanese national anthem and Leona Hogarth sang The Rainbow and the Maid. Mr. Gleason photographed the group by flashlight and all departed much pleased with their pleasant club meeting.

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NOTICE

For Convention of School Directors to Elect County Superintendent.

To the School Directors of McKean county:

Gentlemen:—In pursuance of the forty-third section of the act of May 8, 1854, you are hereby notified to meet in convention, at the court house, in Smethport, Pa. at 1:30 p. m. on the first Tuesday in May, A. D. 1908, being the fifth day of the month, and select, viva voce, by a majority of the whole number of directors present, one person of literary and scientific acquirements, and of skill and experience in the art of teaching, as county superintendent, for the three succeeding years; and certify the result to the State Superintendent, at Harrisburg, as required by the thirty-ninth and fortieth sections of said act.

BURDETTE S. BAYLE,
County Superintendent of McKean County.

April 14, 1908.

To have perfect health we must have perfect digestion, and it is very important not to permit of any delay the moment the stomach feels out of order. Take something at once that you know will promptly and unfailingly assist digestion. There is nothing better than Kodol for dyspepsia, indigestion, sour stomach, belching of gas and nervous headache. Kodol is a natural digestant, and will digest what you eat. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

For Sale.

Second-hand two-horse power Acme steam engine, connected for natural gas and in good running order. Reason for selling—we had to put in a larger engine. Engine can be seen at this office. For further particulars call on or address HARRY L. BACKUS.

Miner office, Smethport, Pa.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Sturdevant.

Potted plants and cut flowers for sale at Mary L. Bisett's.

On Top.

By Charles Frederic Goss.

Copyright, 1907, by C. F. Goss.

THE Jenkinses' donkey was as well known in Charlotteville as the schoolteacher, minister or doctor. For twenty years or more it had hauled the family and the family produce in and out of town. There were many who could remember it when young and dapper, but the passing years had altered its age appearance and disposition very much indeed. When left in front of the store he did not need to be tied and afforded an effective illustration of the principle of inertia to the master of the village school.

"When a moving body comes to rest," he would say to pupils of the class in

DAN REPLACED THE BARS AND WENT AWAY.

physics, "it remains as inert as the Jenkinses' donkey until some extraneous impulse starts it up again."

The Jenkinses had prospered, owing, all agreed, quite as much to the capabilities of Jehu as to any other member of the family, and they now possessed a team of horses that could travel faster and further than the patient ass and carry twenty times as much. What to do with this supernumerary had become the greatest problem of the household, and the hired man, who had just come in from the barn with a couple of Jehu's heel marks upon his person, angrily proposed that the "doggone beast be shot!"

"Shot!" cried the sharp voice of Mrs. Jenkins as if a pistol had suddenly gone off. "I'd like to see it tried!"

"Oo soot my Zehoo, and I soot oo!" exclaimed little Bobby, who loved the donkey as he loved his life.

"Poor old Jehu! He's seen his best days! We'll have to get rid of him somehow," Mr. Jenkins said, taking Bobby in his arms and gazing at the once active and useful donkey, who had now laid his chin across a pair of bars and was gazing retrospectively into the distance.

"And so have some of the rest of us, but it doesn't follow that we have to be shot, does it?" Mrs. Jenkins asked, looking savagely at the back of the hired man, who was limping up and down the room.

"Fodder's scarce," suggested Tom, the eldest son, a thrifty fellow who was working his father's farm on shares.

"And you can bet your sweet life that old Jehu hasn't lost his appetite with his teeth," laughed Dan, the second son, a whimsical, happy go lucky youngster of sixteen, who saw the funny side of everything.

"It's a shame to talk so slightingly about our dear and faithful friend!" exclaimed the daughter, Susie, whose gentle voice was always lifted in behalf of weakness or of suffering.

"But he hasn't done a lick of work for six months, and he's got the heaves so that you can hear him breathe a mile away! He keeps me awake nights! I'm for selling him to a peddler," Dan replied, seizing this promising opportunity to tease his sister, whom he secretly adored.

"I consider that the height of ingratitude!" Susie answered, looking reproachfully at her brother.

"Nevertheless, old Jehu is a problem," Father Jenkins said.

"Not as long as there is grass in the meadow or fodder in the stall!" his wife declared in a tone of voice that invariably terminated family disputes and now led her husband to reply:

"All right, Emily! If you say keep him, keep him it is! I reckon he won't live long anyway!"

"No! He'll go off in one of his coughing fits or choke on a cornstalk, poor old bonker!" Dan declared gayly, as if announcing the most cheerful event in the world, but started down the path to the bars and patted the nose of the ass.

With the quarrelsomeness of old age, Jehu snapped at the caressing hand and with the swift impulsiveness of youth Dan slapped him on the jaw.

"Take care!" called his father's admonishing voice.

Mr. Wm. H. Anderson, M. D., of Soda Springs, Ida., says that Bees Laxative Cough Syrup has relieved coughs and colds where all other remedies failed. Its gentle laxative effects especially recommend it for children. It is pleasant to take. For coughs, colds, hoarseness, whooping cough. Money refunded if not satisfied. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

"Better not preach his funeral sermon till you really know he's dead! Remember 'bout that editorial on Judge Hancock, don't you?" observed the irrepressible Daniel, referring to a newspaper eulogy on the character of a distinguished citizen who had insisted upon defeating the prognostications of the whole medical fraternity and surviving to read his own obituary.

"Oh, he's dead all right," Tom asserted, "or you'd hear him honk or kick or heave. Listen! There isn't any sound, you see. Old Jehu's done for. Better bury him right where he is, hadn't we, father? It's not often that any one so accommodatingly dies in his own grave."

"Yes, if you're sure. I wouldn't like to bury him alive," the farmer answered and kicked a little loose earth into the well, adding after listening a minute: "That settles it! Better get some shovels and begin."

The time consumed by the hired men in going to the barn for tools was profitably employed in eulogies upon the character and accomplishments of the dead donkey, and never were there more kind and complimentary tributes paid to the worth of any creature down below the scale of human life. And yet it must be sadly said that there was still in every breast but Bobbie's that pitiless joy that wells up from living bosoms over open graves. Who ever died, man or beast, but the gaping crowd consoled its sorrows, some with the reflection that they would now be relieved from a heavy burden of care, some that there would be more standing room on earth, some that they could now wear the abandoned shoes and some that they could spend the substance of the dead? But these are feelings which we try to cover up from our own eyes as well as those of others, and Mrs. Jenkins, who could not perfectly succeed in doing so, was quite as much relieved as all the rest when the men came back with the tools and the rough interment was begun.

How thoughtful the good old donkey seemed to every one, if he had deliberately planned to save them trouble, he could not have arranged the circumstances of his death more conveniently. When the well was dug the earth had not been carried off and now lay a collar round its mouth. The sextons simply had to push it back.

It was not a very deep well either and would require so little time for filling that everybody lingered to see the last of the obsequies of the poor old ass. The men were strong and spelled each other at the work. Shovelful after shovelful of earth tumbled into the gaping hole with a dull thud. From the sound of the falling clods it was evident that the grave was nearly filled. Mrs. Jenkins and Susie were turning sadly away when suddenly an

"JEHU'S GOT SOME SHOVELS AND PROVE."

exclamation of astonishment burst from the lips of the workmen. They turned and with unbelieving eyes beheld old Jehu rising plainly into view, scrambling the falling earth with his hoofs and making a solid platform upon which he steadily rose in something of the way the poet says that good men do—upon stepping stones of their dead selves to higher things.

For an instant quite a solemn silence brooded over the scene, and then young Daniel voiced a universal thought. "By Jinks," he said, "it's hard to keep a good man down!"

In the single eye of the old jackass, who gazed about that circle of mourners whose sorrow had been turned less into joy than amazement, there was a triumphant and some thought a malevolent look which seemed to say plainer than words, "On top again!"

INSURANCE.
Life, Fire and Accident
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In good, reliable companies.

"It's the only language he hasn't forgotten!" Dan rejoined.

At this moment the bell on the top of a tall pole by the kitchen door began to ring. The "hands" came hurrying from the barn, and the family assembled round the table, loaded with good things. The serious business of satisfying the clamorous demands of nature put the thought of Jehu out of every mind, but at the conclusion of the meal Dan led the limping donkey down the long lane to the pasture between fences over the rails of which the woodbine was clambering and in whose corner the sumac with its red blossoms and the elderberries with their purple fruit were standing thick.

Letting down the bars, he stuck his thumb into the lean ribs of the donkey and when that resentful creature reared and kicked chuckled with a boundless joy.

"You're spizzerinktum hasn't all burned up yet, eh, old man?" he said. Jehu did not reply, but stood with his back turned until Dan replaced the bars and went away, when he laid his chin upon the topmost rail and watched his youthful master with a meditative eye. What his reflections were a man may only guess; but, judging from the expression of his countenance, they were a gloomy mixture of skepticism cynicism and despair of life. After he had ruminated for a long time upon the mysteries of existence Jehu turned away to break his fast. The weather had been moist, and the grass in the meadow was succulent. Into its cool sweetness he dug his aged nozzle and chewed the few shreds which his worn and widely scattered teeth could tear away, with mild regrets for vanished youth. After he had satisfied his appetite he looked about. A flock of sheep were pastured in the field. Some of them were lying down, blinking at the sun and reflectively chewing the cud. Sidling up to these, one after another, he poked his nose into their ribs and roused them up. Was it a spirit of innocent mischief like Dan's that made him do it or envy of their happiness or restlessness of heart? And why was it that he crept quietly behind a young colt and kicked him in the thigh, lifting up his raucous voice in a loud, triumphant honk as the frightened filly squealed and started down the pasture on a run? Of all the inarticulate and untranslatable sounds of nature that honk was the most startling and mysterious! What was its true significance? An outpouring of joy, sorrow, anger or despair?

Amid the traditions floating around the school yard there was one about old Jehu's honk. The teacher had been accustomed to dismiss the school at the sound of a steam whistle which always blew at noon. One day it blew too soon, she thought, but closed the recitation, opened the door and let out the eager throng of little people, only to learn that it was the voice of Jehu she had heard!

More than once during the morning Jehu lifted up his deep, incomprehensible and farreaching voice, but had the Jenkins family not been completely absorbed in their tasks they would have noticed that in the afternoon it suddenly assumed a different tone. Not only did it become more frequent, more insistent and more remote, but had a plaintive and a pleading quality that had never been heard in it before. And, worse than this, it finally had ceased to sound at all!

But in the multitude of sounds that fell upon the family ears from roosters, cattle, sheep and farm machines Jehu's voice was mingled and lost. When it ceased, it was not missed. No one had bestowed a thought upon the old gray donkey until Susie and little Bob went hand in hand down the long lane to drive the cattle home.

"Where's my Zehoo?" asked the child, whose sharp eyes detected his absence from the crowd of living things about the bars.

Casting her eye over the pasture, Susie saw that he was gone. Inexplicable as this seemed at first, she quickly found the reason why. Just inside the bars there was an old well which had mysteriously gone dry and been covered up by heavy planks. With a start of terror, she observed that this covering had been broken through and that in the splinters of the boards were long tufts of Jehu's almost snow white hair.

"Help, help!" she screamed, putting her pretty hands to her lips and shouting to her brothers in a neighboring field.

"What's the matter?" they inquired, throwing down their hoes and starting on a run.

"Jehu's fallen in the well! Quick! Quick!" she cried. In a few moments the news had traveled all around the farm, and the different members of the family came running from the fields, the barn, the house, to find Susie wringing her hands in helpless grief and little Bobbie howling through his tears, "My Zehoo's—fallen—in—ze—well; ze—naughty—ole—well!"

It is one thing to discuss the problem of what to do with an old and faithful servant like the donkey when he is alive, and it is quite another to stand by a deep well into which he has fallen and where he may be suffering agonies from broken bones.

"'Ere's a pretty ow-de-do!" piteously exclaimed the kind hearted Yorkshireman, who that very morning had proposed to shoot him in cold blood.

"Who knows how much you are to blame—yourself!" exclaimed the implacable Mrs. Jenkins, wiping her blue eyes with a checked apron whose color matched them to a shade.

"Do you think he's dead?" asked Dan in a ghastly whisper, remembering with remorse that his last act had been one of disrespect, if not unkindness.

"As a doornail!" Tom sententiously replied.

"How deep's the well?" the mother asked.

Some thought it ten and others twenty feet, but all agreed that at Jehu's advanced age even a donkey could not possibly survive so hard a fall. Unquestionably the faithful ass was dead.

"Strange solution of the problem what to do with Jehu, isn't it?" Mr. Jenkins asked in a voice whose tone of too affected grief led Mrs. Jenkins to remark:

"I do believe you're glad he's dead!"

"Oh, no, my dear!" he said, resenting her reproach with a quite sincere anger. "I'm not exactly glad he's dead; but, then, you know, he had to die some time and in some way, and I reckon he found this one 'bout as satisfactory as any. He's been a good mule, and I'm as sorry as anybody, only I'm honest enough to say that he's been saved a lot of suffering, and we've been saved a lot of trouble!"

Don't cough your head off when you can get a guaranteed remedy in Bees Laxative Cough Syrup. It is especially recommended for children as it's pleasant to take, is a gentle laxative has expelling phlegm from the system. For coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, hoarseness and all bronchial trouble. Guaranteed. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

THE CLEARING HOUSE

Methods of the Big Bank Exchange in New York City.

MARCH OF THE MESSENGERS.

The Way Millions on Millions of Dollars in Checks Change Holders in a Few Minutes in the Daily Balancing of Accounts Between Banks.

"Clearing!" That word is the order for the shuffling of many feet and the pattering of thick envelopes upon hard wood. Men with leather bags hung against their chests like bass drums pass up and down rows of desks at which other men sit and as they go by deftly hand out brown paper packages containing the equivalent of millions in gold. Thus do the banks of New York transfer money each business day.

As vast as the figures involved in the operation are, they do not make an impress upon the mind. One is more apt to wonder whether the gray haired messenger in the blue serge suit would succeed in disorganizing the line if he gave the wrong envelope to bank No. 40 and, if so, whether he would be condemned forever by his associates. But no one seems to make a mistake, and the visitor has no reason to worry about the possibility of misplacing $25,000,000 even for half a second. The machinery of the clearing house is almost too perfect to slip a cog.

The clearing house begins to show signs of activity as early as 9:30 o'clock, when the vanguard of bank runners makes its appearance. They travel in pairs and are mostly young men, although the veterans have not all retired. Their badge of office is a bag, any sort of bag, suit case, telescope, kit bag, canvas bag. Sometimes it has the name of the bank it came from printed across the end. More often it bears no distinguishing mark.

Further, as identity is frequently hidden behind an exceedingly shabby exterior. That is perhaps a virtue. At all events, it is not considered good form in banking circles to be ostentatious. A strong bag even though it be old and chafed is just as good a vehicle for a fortune as a new one and is less likely to produce burnings in the heart of a thief. So this is the reason why the young men who sweep up the marble stairs look as if they were carrying bags filled with their own clothing instead of other persons' checks. Self conscious they are not despite the loads they carry, and one might well imagine they were going upstairs to change their garments for gymnasium suits.

But when the visitor reaches the floor above and climbs to the little gallery at one end he realizes that not basket ball, but another game, is to be played. Already the players are preparing to take their positions. At the side walls are benches on which delivery clerks are sitting, their bags at their sides, and opposite is a solid counter divided into about seventeen compartments, to the front of which are affixed, if completed, the name plates of different banks. Beyond the first is a second counter and between the two a rack for hats and overcoats. A broad aisle with more benches and, hatracks separates the two rows of counters from duplicates on the opposite side of the room.

Settling clerks, who take their places on high stools behind the outer rows of counters, face the walls. Those at the inner counters face the center aisle. At the elbows of the settling clerks stand their assistants, who are required to sign the exchange slips presented with each package of checks.

As the clock nears 10 one glances from the high dome, with its row of electric lights, to the scene below. The clerks at the compartments have made themselves comfortable. The messengers standing at ease before them have slung their bags and are ready. A minute passes. A man appears at the rostrum in the gallery and rings a gong twice. Eyes below are uplifted as he makes an announcement about out of town banks that will hereafter clear through different correspondents. That is not of particular interest, but he pauses briefly and then utters the magic word, "Clearing!"

The messenger for bank No. 1 crosses the room at one end of the counters and takes the place of No. 97, who has moved down a pace. Simultaneously fifty other men have taken a step forward, and the tramping and scraping of feet come regularly. No. 1 has slapped an envelope down before the clerk at No. 97's compartment, dropped a ticket into a slot, offered an exchange slip for signing, and passed on to No. 26 without uttering a word. Each of No. 1's fifty associates has duplicated his performance in every detail, and so the exchanges, as they are called, have been fairly started.

In the meantime the settling clerks are doing their share of the work. Long sheets of paper in front of them are being filled out with the total amounts of the checks presented by the men who are circling about the counters, making monotonous but not unpleasant sounds with their feet. Suddenly, when you are just beginning to understand what it is all about, a halt is called. No one says anything, but every one stops. You ask why, and some one says the exchanges have been completed. You ask how $300,000,000 can change hands in exactly fifteen minutes by the clock, and the same person looks at you with a pitying smile and remarks, "Why, you've just seen it done."

There is a marked silence for a moment after the feet have stopped moving. The crowd in the room begins to thin out, for the delivery clerks are going, taking with them the packages of checks which have been deposited with the settling clerks. The latter still have work to do. Their assistants rescue the little tickets from the compartments into which they were dropped, and the settling clerks scan the amount of them to see if they agree with the totals on the exchange slips.

When first he entered the room the settling clerk gave the proof clerk in the manager's gallery the amount of the checks he brought with him. Now he ascertains the total of the amount deposited with him. Soon he is able to tell whether his bank has a debt or credit balance, and this information he communicates to the proof clerk. Then the clearing house knows exactly how much cash will have to be moved from bank to bank in adjusting balances.

Forty-five minutes is the limit allowed for making the exchanges and proving the balances, and fines may be imposed if the allotted time is exceeded. But it is rarely necessary to impose fines, so rapid is the work of the messengers and so simple the system of exchange. Most of the work is done before the messengers get to the clearing house. The checks for exchange with other banks are inclosed in separate envelopes, and these envelopes are arranged in consecutive order in the delivery clerk's bag, so all needless delay in depositing them is eliminated.

To make the clearing finally complete it is of course necessary to exchange the cash. "Accordingly," says James G. Cannon in his book on "Clearing Houses," "before half past 1 o'clock each debtor bank, in compliance with the requirements of the constitution, pays into the clearing house the amount of its debit balance and obtains a receipt for the same signed by the assistant manager. After half past 1 o'clock the creditor banks receive at the clearing house their respective balances and give their receipts for the same in a book provided for that purpose, but in no case can a creditor bank receive its balance until all the debtor banks have paid in."—New York Post.

A MARKET IN MOROCCO.

The Best Place to Study the Ways of the Wily Natives.

The place of all places to see the Moorish people is at their markets, for every class and kind of them is there, and when you have seen one market you have seen them all, for there is a racial similarity in the Moors the world over.

The first thing about a Moorish market that attracts the attention of a traveler is the farreaching odor, or, rather, the multiplicity of odors, for there is a composite character about the smell of a Moorish market that cannot be equaled anywhere outside of China. Before you can even hear the continual wrangle and jangle of the market place you can smell it.

Once there the interminable jumble of things and folks is disconcerting, and the evidences of dirt everywhere takes from an American all desire to deal in eatables, for the Moors seem to be wholly insensible to dirt of any kind and every kind and have no objection to fruit and berries that have come in unprotected over miles of dusty and sandy roads.

These people are natural traders, second to none in their ability to obtain the highest possible price or equally ready willingness to let the article go for a mere pittance rather than miss making a sale.

They will begin the price of a lamp at 3 shillings and after a little haggling will come down to 1 shilling, but if you move on they will thrust the lamp into your hand and ask you to give them anything for it that you will, and it is a sale, no difference how small may be your offer.

In nearly all countries the everywhere present and always the same donkey is an inevitable adjunct of a Moorish market. The whole animal kingdom would be searched through in vain to find any creature more wholly devoid of impulse and sentiment than this imposed upon little beast.

Like a fatalist philosopher, he is wholly resigned to the order of things, and nothing can cause him to stir from the even tenor of his ways. Caressing and even food do not seem to add any to his satisfaction, and beating and abuse do not detract from his tranquility. His features are perfectly immobile.

As he stands in the market place one may pet him and give him bits of grass or fruit and he will not raise his head or even open his eyes. He is the supreme, ineffable resignation in flesh and blood. And no Moorish market is complete without him by the score.—World's Events Magazine.

How to Stick Stamps.

"Say," remarked the postoffice clerk who was off duty as he watched a friend affix two stamps to the corner of an envelope, "why don't you put those stamps on horizontally instead of vertically? Don't you know you would save a lot of work for us stampers if you put your stamps beside each other instead of under each other? We always have to make two strokes when canceling vertically pasted stamps by hand, and they don't work well through the stamping machines either."

"Is that so?" inquired his friend as he took another envelope and proceeded to affix two stamps to it in a vertical position. "Then, by the great horn spoon, why doesn't the government sell its stamps in horizontal lines? Look at these. Here I bought 20 cents' worth of two cent stamps, and they come to me in vertical lines. If I buy five twos, I get them attached one to the bottom of the other. Do you think I'm going to the trouble of tearing each stamp off just to please a government clerk by pasting them side by side? Guess again."—New York Press.

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In all cases where there is a wasting away of flesh, loss of appetite, with weak stomach, as in the early stages of consumption, there can be no doubt that glycerine acts as a valuable nutritive and aids the Golden Seal root, Stone root, Queen's root and Black Cherrybark in promoting digestion and building up the flesh and strength, controlling the cough and bringing about a healthy condition of the whole system. Of course, it must not be expected to work miracles. It will not cure consumption except in its earlier stages. It will cure very severe, obstinate, hang-on, chronic coughs, bronchial and laryngeal troubles, and chronic sore throat with hoarseness. In acute coughs it is not so effective. It is in the lingering hang-on coughs, or those of long standing, even when accompanied by bleeding from lungs, that it has performed its most marvelous cures.

Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Med. College, Chicago, says of glycerine:

"In dyspepsia it serves an excellent purpose. Holding a fixed quantity of the peroxide of hydrogen in solution, it is one of the best manufactured products of the present time in its action upon enfeebled, disordered stomachs, especially if there is ulceration or catarrhal gastritis (catarrhal inflammation of stomach). It is a most efficient preparation. Glycerine will relieve many cases of pyrosis (heartburn) and excessive gastric (stomach) acidity."

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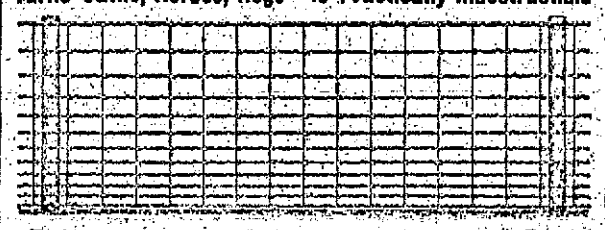

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The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, April 9, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Fry & Comes have a new ad to-day.

—The Catholic fair begins next Monday.

—Saturday will be G. B. R. A. night at the Catholic fair.

—"The Missouri Girl" is the attraction at the Lyceum to-night.

—More bargains are advertised this week by G. W. Brennan, the cash grocer.

—Your attention is directed to the change in the advertisement of L. K. Hogarth in another column of to-day's issue.

—The Lindholm Co. has a new and interesting ad to-day regarding seasonable suits, skirts and shoes, which should be of great interest to the ladies.

—Albert Servatius, the well known ball player, has joined the Youngstown, Ohio, team and is now engaged in practice for the coming season's work.

—Odd Fellows' day at Bradford one week from next Tuesday, will be a great occasion for the three-links fraternity. The local lodge will attend in a body and probably be accompanied by a band.

—George Hendrick Lyon died at his home in Mt. Jewett last Friday, after an illness of twelve days with pneumonia. He was an old soldier, a highly esteemed citizen and a man very favorably known throughout the county. He was in the 68th year of his life. He is survived by his widow and one son, Paul P. Lyon of Bradford.

—Three more alleged extortionists using Black Hand methods are in the county jail awaiting trial. The trio comprises Salvo Palomera, Rocco Macri and Vincenzi Bagnarelli, and they were brought from Bradford Monday morning by Constable Spreter. It is said that the men attempted to obtain $2,000 of Rocco Carminitti, a contractor of that city, by the usual threats.

—Judge Hall of Clinton county recently refused to swear in C. J. Carlson of Shawmut and Charles Mosier of Fox township as constables, because the names of wholesale liquor dealers appeared upon their bonds. The court held that one of the principal duties of a constable was to enforce the laws against liquor dealers and they could not do this faithfully if they were backed by the liquor dealers themselves.

—H. R. Grube, who has been associated with J. M. Slosh in the undertaking business in this city, and who recently withdrew from that firm, left Monday for Coudersport, Pa., where he is to engage in the furniture and undertaking business. Mrs. Grube and infant daughter are in Smethport visiting Mrs. Grube's mother.—Bradford Star.

—Ed and George Golden, Jr., and Lester Bannon had a hearing before Alderman Foley Thursday. George Golden and Bannon were charged with burglarizing George Gings' hardware store and Ed Golden was charged with receiving stolen goods. They were held for the grand jury under $500 bail each. Not being able to furnish the bail the men were taken over to Smethport.—Bradford Star.

—The McKean Democrat celebrated its 30th birthday last week and is certainly hale and hearty. The Democrat has prospered during the seventeen years it has been edited by S. R. Lindley, and its recently improved appearance gives material evidence to that effect. The Democrat deserves to succeed and the MINER is sincerely glad to note that its neighbor is reaping the fruits of constant endeavor and hard work.

—Jerry Fowler, aged about 50 years, while at work on his farm near Millgrove Thursday, was taken with a sudden attack of heart failure and died within a few minutes. He was cutting wood when the seizure came and sank to the ground. The man who was working with him and who was aware that he was subject to the attacks, hastened for aid, but when they got him to the house he was dead. He had been told by doctors that he was liable to be taken this way. A widow, one son, Charles Fowler of Rixford and his mother, aged 95 years, survive him.—Eldred Eagle.

—The unveiling of a monument to the memory of the famous Bucktail regiment on Monday, April 27, at Driftwood, is an event that will be of great interest to many in this section of the State, among whom are a number of the men who formed a part of the Bucktails. The money for the erection of the monument was appropriated by the State legislature. Hon. Emerson Collins will deliver the oration. The presentation of the monument will be by Col. E. A. Irvin, the only surviving line officer of the regiment. The speech of acceptance will be made by Hon. Chas. F. Barclay. Miss Margaret Barton Fearer will unveil the monument. The Volunteer band of DuBois will furnish music for the occasion, and vocal music will also be furnished by a large choir.

Grange News.

The MINER will be pleased at any time to receive and publish items of real interest from any Grange in the county. All we ask is that correspondents be brief and confine themselves to news items of general interest.

FARMERS VALLEY.

"Why Women Prefer Business to Housework."

Written by Mrs. Fannie Steinhauer. (Read April 4th, by Sister Genie Day.)

Women choose business in preference to housework usually because it is better suited to their inclination, their ability, and their strength. In ability woman is man's equal, the only requirement in which she is not his equal is strength, and this nature has seen fit to deny her. Still there are but few of the professions that she does not aspire to, and with credit to herself. There are women ministers, missionaries, doctors, lawyers and professors, and in each and all of these callings that she has given her time and thought to, she has proven herself worthy.

Women prefer business to housework socially, because a woman may engage in any honorable employment no matter whether it be clerk, book-keeper, stenographer, cashier or proprietor as the case may be, and she can hold her position in society; while the woman who does housework has little time for society. In too many cases she does not have the necessary leisure for reading that is required to keep posted even on the current topics of the day.

Business pursuits are sought for by women who are ambitious to be self-sustaining, for the good pay usually received. The regulation of their working hours is another factor in its favor. When they are engaged for a position they are informed just how many hours they are expected to be at their posts. Before and after these hours they are at liberty to do just as they please, and this usually gives them ample time for all the recreation necessary to insure good health.

Our colleges and universities are turning out women graduates every year that are capable of filling many important positions in the business world; but, no matter how much they aspire to a business life, give these women a home where love and harmony reigns, and they will show you they thoroughly enjoy housework and that next is one line of business in which they can surpass the men.

General News.

Written by Mrs. M. A. Collins-Hall.

A general feeling of profound sorrow pervaded the community here upon hearing of the death of Mrs. Dr. Hall of Coleville, who was taken to Bradford to the hospital for treatment Tuesday of last week and died the day following. She had been a sufferer from asthma a long time. The family have the sympathy of all in their sad bereavement.

A warm sugar supper was served in the M. P. A. hall, April 10th instead of the 17th, owing to balloting for and installation of Candidate Miss Edith Nearing. A literary program was carried out and a general good time was enjoyed.

A visit to the Grange from Miss Edith Fehen of Eldred was not unknown last week. Edith was formerly a resident of this place and is now a member of the Eldred Grange.

Miss Mabel Culpin is sick with measles, and the children of E. Brockman are also afflicted with the same disease.

J. J. Smith had the misfortune to lose another valuable horse Monday morning.

The road being in better condition it is hoped that there may be a better attendance at church and Sunday school.

Some Witty Titles.

The pupils of one of the high schools of Philadelphia evinced great interest in a competition for a prize to be awarded the pupil who should submit the wittiest list of titles for twelve sham books on a dummy shelf. The following are some of the titles received in the competition:

"A New England Puss," by M. E. W.

"Thoughts On My Bed," Stead.

"On Different Tacks," by Van Hammer.

"Lizzie Wouldn't," by John Wood.

"The Fatal Blow," by John Knox.

Porter's "Tales of Lost Baggage."

"Lost In the Wash," by the author of "Bachelor's Buttons."

"Grinding the Poor," by Mill.

"Owe, No Man," by O. W. Holmes.

"After the Ball," by the author of "Our National Game."

Morse on "Our Old Horses."

"Woodchucks and Rabbits," by Burroughs.

"E. E.," by the author of "My Double."

An Unconscious Meal.

Once John Muir, author and woodchuckman, was dining with a friend. They sat down, and Muir began to tell a story. The waiter came around several times, but the story was so good nothing was ordered. Muir talked and talked, and in between he would reach over and break off a piece of bread from a French loaf on the table. This he did a good many times. The story reminded him of another, and so he talked and ate bread until finally, being very hungry, his companion broke in with:

"Well, what shall I order for you, Mr. Muir?"

"Order?" he repeated in his abstraction.

"Yes, order—to eat."

He looked over at the last little remaining piece of bread on the plate and said, as if waking from a dream:

"Eat? Why, I've had all I want. That bread was bully."—Bookman.

30 days' trial $1.00 is the offer on Pinoules. Relieves back-ache, weak back, lame back, rheumatic pains. Best on sale for kidneys, bladder and blood. Good for young and old. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Executing a Death Sentence.

Prince Urussov writes in his "Memoirs of a Russian Governor" of an acquaintance, one Von Rohren, a very kindly man, who liked to tell some times of his presence of mind and his police ability as demonstrated on one occasion at his former post. He was once called upon to be present at the execution of a Jewish criminal. The condemned man hung the required number of minutes and was taken down from the gallows, when the physician was supposed to confirm his death. But it appeared that they had forgotten to cut off the Jew's long thick beard, thanks to which, although the noose had deprived the man of consciousness, it had not killed him. "Imagine yourself in my position," said Rohren. "The doctor told me the Jew would come back to life in five minutes. What was I to do? To hang him a second time I held to be impossible, and yet I had to execute the death sentence." "But what did you do, then?" I asked and received the memorable answer. "I had him buried quickly before he regained consciousness."

Two Clever Answers.

A pretty southern girl recently showed herself a match for the curious minded women in her boarding house who were bent on knowing what her father's business was.

As a matter of fact, he was an undertaker, but the girl was a bit sensitive on this point, so she made up her mind not to gratify their curiosity. When mildly pressed on the point she answered:

"He's a southern planter."

This was quite within the bounds of truth and completely threw the inquisitive one off the track.

The retort of a well known actress to a similar question about the occupation of her father, who was a large carpenter in her old home, was not inferior in finesse to that of the Dixie girl.

It was when she first began playing in London. Some one asking what business her father was engaged in she replied that he was "a man of letters."—Pittsburg Leader.

At 4 in the Morning.

The hour of 4 a. m. has something mysterious about it. Cocks crow, people on the brink of death give up the ghost, every one who is asleep sleeps soundest, and even the watchful sentry can't always keep his eyes open. At this hour people are in their weakest state, and if life is just on the flicker it is not surprising that it goes out. Many a man's life has been saved by a spoonful of brandy administered just when the clock strikes 4. The period of deepest sleep varies from 3 to 4 o'clock. "All four or two after going to bed you'll sleep very soundly, then your sleep grows gradually lighter and at 2 o'clock, But after 4 o'clock persons are in such a state of somnolence that you could take the necks of the evil of the world.

Criminals in New South Wales.

New South Wales has a novel system of dealing with habitual criminals. A man is sentenced to a term for his particular offense and to an indeterminate term because he is an "habitual." When he has served the definite term, if he is well behaved, he can rise from grade to grade, each step being accompanied by various concessions. One feature is that he may earn wages, which may be sent to his family, spent on luxuries or credited to him for the day of release. A committee examines his progress from time to time, advising the minister when he may be released. No release is absolute till after a years probation under modified restraint.

Curiosities in Wedding Rings.

Among the curiosities of wedding rings are those of the Egyptians, who used for the ceremony rings made of rushes. Perhaps the most curious ring used for the purpose was that made by an ancient Roman lover, consisting of the finger of a glove and another cut out of a visiting card. Many cases are on record of rings made of brass and iron being used as wedding rings, and door keys have possibly done service at weddings.

More at Home.

A young fellow being asked by a recruiting sergeant if he wished to enlist in a Scottish regiment, replied:

"Not likely. I'd rather go to a lunatic asylum than enlist in a Scottish regiment!"

"Ah, weel," said the sergeant, "I've nae doot ye'd feel unair at hame there."

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THE NEWEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Am now located in my new building on East Main where I will be pleased to serve you in anything in the photography line. My work is of the best and guarantee satisfaction. Also keep on hand an extensive line of picture frames and moulding.

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SMETHPORT, PENNA.

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Chase and Sanborn's Coffee.

"Specially Blended Naturally Splendid"

If you have never tried it ask for a Sample Can.

Excellent Values at

20, 22, 25 & 35c per lb.

J. Colegrove, Grocer,

Smethport, Pa.

E-768

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. We use a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smoke and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St., Smethport

The Equitable Life Society

Is the Strongest Financial Institution in the World.

The Pittsburg agency wrote $1,957,000 of new business in November, breaking all records, and $12,000,000 in 1907.

Because of Unquestioned Stability it is the most popular insurance company in the Pennsylvania field.

A policy now will be a safe investment and present for your family.

Send me the your name and address,

L. FOSDICK,
Frick Bldg. Pittsburg

C. A. BURDICK, Local Agent

Sundays and Holidays.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE to work Sundays and Holidays? That is the tireless, ceaseless way that money at interest will work for you, and it will never go on a strike. Why should you do all the hard work? Set your money to working for you. Interest is its wages and its pay is sure.

Grange National Bank of McKean County.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes. Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH.

Groceries

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's POTTED PLANTS

EASTER.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

The Penn County Miner

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Terms: $1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance $1.00 per year.

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Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Your own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

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Births, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, April 10, 1908.

Republican Ticket.

FOR CONGRESS
CAPT. C. F. BARCLAY
of Sennomahoning

FOR SENATOR
FRANK E. BALDWIN
of Austin

FOR ASSEMBLY
HON. ROBERT P. HAGGOOD
of Binaford
HON. JAMES A. McKEAN
of Smethport

FOR SHERIFF
WILLIAM HARRISON
of Smethport

FOR PROTHONOTARY
BENJ F. STARSKY
of Smethport

FOR RECORDER
HOMER M. CHOATE
of Smethport

FOR REGISTER OF WILLS
JOHN B. EASTMAN
of Smethport

FOR CLERK OF THE COURTS, ETC.
FRANK R. FOSTER
of Smethport

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY
GUY B. MAYO
of Smethport

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS
A. M. MARSH
of Bradford
JOHN A. PETERSON
of Bradford

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS
A. A. ABBEY
of Smethport
ALBERT R. ANDERSON
of Clermont

AMONG other Smethport men who are pleased with the outcome of Saturday's primaries is Frank E. Foster who won out in his struggle against B. J. Cummins for the Republican nomination of clerk of the courts.

W. I. OVIATT of East Smethport was one of the successful candidates for the Democratic nomination for county commissioner. Mr. Oviatt had a hard fight on his hands, but won out against his opposition by merit and hustling. He will make a strong fight for election.

THE great fleet of battleships is once more in United States waters after its long cruise around the continent of South America. The ships are now anchored in the harbor of San Diego, Cal., and the officers and men are being delightfully entertained by the hospitable people of that city.

OSCAR ENGSTROM was the high man of the ten in the borough results for the nomination of county commissioner. The big vote which he received and the large field of opponents is the best of evidence that Mr. Engstrom has a large number of friends in his home town who did what they could for him—and this tribute is very satisfactory to him, even if he did not land the nomination.

BECAUSE of a street car strike at Chester, Pa., a detail of the state constabulary was sent to the scene and were promptly mobbed by infuriated citizens. The troop was withdrawn to prevent serious bloodshed. The traction company will make a determined effort to run cars, it is said, and more trouble is expected. Considerable property belonging to the company has been destroyed by strike-sympathizers.

W. H. MORRISON of Smethport was the successful one out of the field of five to land the nomination for sheriff. He is an excellent man for the place and is worthy of the vote of every Republican at the coming election. F. W. Jones, the other Smethport candidate for the office, received the largest vote of any one of the five in the borough. "Billy" made a good run and is a good loser, and was apparently just as happy as ever Monday morning.

THE contest for the nomination of county auditors was a close one. Albert R. Anderson of Clermont had a pretty safe lead, but it was not until Monday night that the other man was known with any degree of surety. A. A. Abbey of Smethport was the lucky candidate, as he defeated J. H. Stull of East Smethport by a narrow margin. B. G. McFall of Eldred was also well up in the race. Abbey and Anderson make a combination that is pretty certain to be found at the top of the list whatever they may seek.

THE commissioners' race certainly developed surprises. There is no question about that, although there are plenty of "I told you so" people in evidence now. But after all it was a pleasant surprise and Messrs. Marsh and Peterson are tried and true men, who are entirely capable of filling the office of county commissioner, and who should be elected by a rousing majority. Three times has Mr. Peterson received this nomination which is pretty conclusive evidence that the people like him, while the surprising strength developed by Mr. Marsh shows that there is nothing wrong with his popularity.

CHELSEA, Mass., a suburb of Boston, was swept by a raging storm of fire Sunday last. The conflagration was the worst suffered by that part of the country since the great Boston fire of 1872. A tract three-fourths of a mile wide and a mile and a half long was burned through the business district of the city, the property loss reaching the enormous figure of $10,000,000, and thousands of people being rendered homeless. The blaze is said to have started from a small bonfire in the city's refuse dump yard, and after one building was fairly ablaze the gale of wind which prevailed made all efforts to stop the progress of the flames fruitless. Three people lost their lives in the flames and scores of people were badly injured.

ELECTION boards all over the State will agree that a law which would only allow a man to vote for the persons whose names are printed upon the ballots would be by far the most satisfactory from their point of view. In fact all men with intellects above the angle-worm order know that at primary elections the writing in of a candidate's name on any other party ballot except the one on which he is running does that candidate no more good than as though he wrote it on a barn door up at Fiddler's Green. Perhaps he figures that the primary board needs this extra monkeywork in order to earn its money, but if one of the pests could put in twelve or more hours as a member of such a board in an average voting district perhaps he would realize that the members come surprisingly close to earning the magnificent sum of $1.75 cash, which they are paid for such service, without the extra work of inserted names. The freedom of the ballot is a grand and glorious thing—sometimes, but it also gives every voter of classgrained temperament in the State an opportunity of making a fine fusted miniature of himself, and many are eager to avail themselves of the privilege.

Proving His Motto.

"Well, sir," exclaimed the millionaire, "what do you want this morning?"

"I've come again to ask for your daughter," said the poor but ambitious young man.

"Haven't I told you six times over in as many different days that it is out of the question? What do you mean by bothering me in this way? You are making a nuisance of yourself!"

"If I seem to be more persistent than circumstances warrant, I must insist that you, sir, are to blame."

"Me!" shouted the indignant old man. "I don't understand you."

"There," said the man who loved his daughter as he pointed to a motto over the banker's desk, "is my excuse for coming here day after day, 'If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again.' Do you believe in that sentiment, or have you put it up there simply to deceive people?"

After he had scratched his head awhile the mean old plutocrat said:

"Yes, I believe in that. I haven't succeeded yet in making you understand that my daughter shall not become the wife of a fool, but I am going to keep on trying till I do. Good morning!"

And that time he did it.—Strand Magazine.

What the Cat Had.

The teacher of the Sunday school class was telling the little boys about temptation and showing how it sometimes came in the most attractive form. She used as an illustration the paw of a cat.

"Now," said she, "you have all seen the paw of a cat. It is as soft as velvet, isn't it?"

"Yessum," from the class.

"And you have seen the paw of a dog?"

"Yessum."

"Well, although the cat's paw seems like velvet, there is nevertheless concealed in it something that hurts. What is it?"

No answer.

"The dog bites," said the teacher, "when he is in anger. But what does the cat do?"

"Scratches," said a boy.

"Correct," said the teacher, nodding her head approvingly. "Now, what has the cat got that the dog hasn't?"

"Whiskers!" said a boy on the back seat.—Home Magazine.

Kodol For Dyspepsia has helped thousands of people who have had stomach trouble. This is what one man says of it: "E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, Ill.—Gentlemen—In 1897 I had a disease of the stomach and bowels. I could not digest anything I ate and in the spring of 1902 I bought a bottle of Kodol and the benefit I received from that bottle all the gold in Georgia could not buy. I still use it occasionally as I find it a fine blood purifier and a good tonic. May you live long and prosper. Yours very truly C. N. Cornell, Roding, Ga., Aug. 27, 1906."

ManZan Pile Remedy, price 50c, is guaranteed. Put up ready to use. One application prompt relief to any form of piles. Soothes and heals. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Rings Little Liver Pills for biliousness and sick-headache. They clean the system and clear the skin. Price 25c. Try them. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Pasture.

I have pasture at the dug-road. Very reasonable for all kinds of stock. O. H. Gleason.

Potted plants and cut flowers for sale at Mary L. Bisett's.

Fresh Baltimore oysters at the Model Restaurant.

Making "Cinnamon" Canaries.

"Cinnamon canaries are the best known of a mere handful of instances where it is possible to change the color of a bird or animal by food. The trick has long been known to fanciers, and each claims to have his own secret for working the miracle, but the process is really simple and consists in abundantly sprinkling the birds' food with red pepper. It is a troublesome process.

"A large number of birds either refuse to eat or suffer from deranged digestion. Even of those who take the diet not more than a third or a half will show the color effects. The only inducement to the fanciers to produce this curious change is that once so altered these birds have an artificial value. Dealers will tell you that in addition to the red pepper they give other red articles of food, such as tomato skins, slices of beet and the skins of red apples or cranberries. But this is merely an innocent fallacy, based on the idea that the coloring matter of the food is transferred bodily to the feathers.—Collier's Weekly.

Confession of Mouth.

A city dentist, defending his profession as a whole from the double charge of charlatanism and "graft," made this interesting declaration:

"While such things exist in dentistry, as in all businesses, there is far more of it among gilt edged practitioners than along the modest level where, for example, I work. Some men enjoying the most fashionable clientele are the rankest frauds either in ability or in representation of work done.

"But a dentist never can fool a dentist. Often a patient will get into my chair for the first time, and in a casual conversation I will ask who last treated the teeth. The name always comes, and a glance tells me whether the man has worked honestly or dishonestly. I have sized up some of our best dentists in that way in half a minute, and many a reputation has crumbled in my estimation.

"A dentist can fool the people, but he can't fool a dentist."—New York Globe.

Four Kinds of Nails.

The members of a primary class in the young ladies' school were ambitious to emulate the members of the senior class, whom they regarded with considerable envy on account of their proficiency in the art of writing compositions. Becoming eager for a like privilege, the five little girls were told that they might tell the world what they knew about "nails."

A half hour was allotted to the difficult task, and all went to work. The first four had nothing unusual or startling upon their papers, but Sadie M. aged seven, was characterized by considerable ingenuity. She took her place with alacrity and read without a tremor. "There are four kinds of nails—finger nails, door nails, toe nails, and tacks!" and resumed her seat bewitchingly unconscious that she had caused the smile.

The Insect and the Net.

It has been known for a long time that an insect will not fly through a net with meshes three or four times as large as its body, whereas a bird will go through a mesh of corresponding size without hesitation. The insect cannot tell us why it stops and lights on the net without trying to go through, and its peculiar action puzzled observers until the scientists took the matter up, as they do all things of that kind. They say that the eye of the insect is made up of many facets, so that the net looks to it like a continuous opaque surface, the meshes not being apparent. Therefore it stops or turns back before it discovers that it might have gone through the net without stopping. To the eye of the bird, however, the meshes are plainly visible, and it goes through without hesitation.

What He Got.

He was addressing a lowly but intelligent audience somewhere in the vicinity of Whitechapel, and he had selected for his discourse "Rhymes and Rhyming," so that he might illustrate to those rough and rugged minds how the charms of poesy can brighten the poor man's hearth. And, touching upon the difficulties of rhyming, he said:

"It is easy enough, my friends, to get a rhyme for so simple a word as 'sea,' but what can you get for 'burglary?'"

"Well, guv'nor," exclaimed one of his hearers, "it all depends on the judge. My Bill got seven years!"—London Scraps.

Caddies.

The term "caddies," or "cadies," or "cawdies," is akin to "cad" and "cadet" and means messengers or unattached male servants. Caddies, in fact, were originally a class of men found in every Scotch town of any size who were at the beck and call of everybody who wanted an odd job done; hence they were at the beck and call of everybody who was starting for a game of golf, and now they are employed solely by the golfer.

A Philosopher.

"Smiley says he hasn't any luck at all."

"Indeed! It's something unusual for him to complain."

"Oh, he wasn't complaining. He says he'd rather have no luck than always have it bad."—Exchange.

Her Dear Friend.

"Yes," said she defiantly, "I admit that I kissed him."

"Did he put up much of a struggle?" inquired her best girl friend.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

About the first thing that would strike a dead hero could he return to earth would be the great number who try to answer his name at roll call.—Atchison Globe.

Here comes the spring winds to chap, tan and freckle. Use Pinesalve Carbolized, (Acts like a poultice) for cuts, sores, burns, chapped lips, hands and face. It soothes and heals. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Cash paid for Furs and Hides by C. H. Gleason.

Easter Millinery Opening.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman announces her Easter millinery opening to occur on Friday and Saturday.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little liver pills. Sold by L. K. Hogarth

Do Not Fail to Call and Inspect Our

EASTER GOODS

All the most Exclusive Novelties of the Season.

MARY L. BISETT,
CITY STORE

AFTER-LENT ROLLER RINK.

OPEN
Monday, Wednesday and Saturday,
Afternoon and Evening
Music Wednesday night, or Thursday if Orchestra is otherwise engaged.

E. L. McCLURE, Mgr.

Go to Mrs. Spring's for your Millinery.

Everything of the Latest and up-to-date at the Lowest Prices.

Being connected with a leading New York store will receive goods every week.

Call and get convinced. Seeing is believing.

Next to Green's Grist Mill on Hill St.

BURDICK & SARTWELL
PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Capital, Surplus & Undivided Profits,	$293,000.00
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This Bank

Conducts a General Banking business.
Pays interest on time deposits.
Acts as trustee, transfer agent, administrator, executor or guardian of estates.
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Solicits your business; no account too small, no transaction too large.

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DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills
FOR BACKACHE

$1 a week makes the path clear for putting a VICTOR into every home.

Why not see about getting yours today?

PALACE PHARMACY,
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OFFICE HOURS:
8:30 a. m. to 12 m.
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SMETHPORT, - PENNA.

ManZan Reaches the spot. Stops pain. The Great Pile Remedy. Put up in tubes with rectal nozzle, 50 cents.

New Spring Hats
Swell Clothing
New Neckwear
Everything up-to-date for Men.
We Like Lookers.

H. W. RUBIN
The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

ANDORFER & LYLE

We have a New Line of
FAXON'S COOKIES
17 Varieties
Try Them

ANDORFER & LYLE.

STATIONERY

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family recipes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

AB-SO-LUTE-LY!

The chances are that you can buy so-called Maple Syrup and Sugar at most any price.

If you want absolutely pure goods insist on their being branded according to law. Ours are pure.

Pure Maple Syrup.....$1.15 Gal.
" " Sugar, light.....15c per lb.
" " " dark.....12½c per lb.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

McCoy's Drug Store

IF IT'S
Drugs, Druggist Sundries, Stationery, Books, Candy or Cigars you are looking for We can supply you.

McCoy's Drug Store

The best light to read by is the natural, steady white flame from

Family Favorite Oil The Best for Illuminating.

The nearest approach to the natural white rays of the sun.

Odorless, clear—white as water—won't soot, won't smoke, won't char the wick.

Your dealer recommends it. Ask him.

WAVERLY OIL WORKS
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SPECIAL EASTER OFFERING

SUITS AND SKIRTS FOR EASTER WEAR

New garments that will suit your needs and please your purse.

SHOES AND OXFORDS

Queen Quality, Patrician, Clarice, Dorris and Bernalda. These lines will cover the Oxford trade from $1.50 to $4.00 per pair and give you the best values for the amount invested and the best side is that every one will FIT and WEAR.

HOSIERY SPECIALS

Children's 15c Black Ribbed Hose, Friday and Saturday only, sizes 5 to 8½, at 9c per pair or 3 for 25c.

NOTICE

With every pair of $3.00 or $3.50 Oxfords Friday and Saturday we give a handsome Ladies' collar. Each in box.

The Lindholm Company.

DALY & GARLICK.

Munsville Plows
Spring Tooth Harrows
Planet Jr. Hand Drills
Shovel Plows & Cultivators

JUST RECEIVED A CARLOAD OF
BARBED WIRE & ELECTRIC WELD FENCING

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, April 16, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—D. M. Brasted advertises potted plants in his ad. to-day.

—Partle's orchestra will furnish music for St. Elizabeth's fair next week.

—The high school base ball team is putting in some good hard licks at practice and expect to have a strong team this season.

—There are thirty-four prisoners in the county jail, the largest number that has occupied that institution at one time for a good many years.

—The Smethport Hose company has been invited to attend St. Elizabeth's fair in uniform. Thursday, April 23, has been selected as firemen's night.

—Sam Kirk of Bradford is among the recent arrivals at Sheriff Mitchell's hillside retreat. Sam will answer to a charge of chicken-stealing at the June term of court.

—The management of the Smethport roller rink announce that after lent the rink will be open Monday, Wednesday and Saturday afternoons and evenings. See the ad in another column.

—The Olean Junior high school base ball team challenge any junior high school team in northern Pennsylvania. Games to be played on Saturdays or holidays. Address: Edward Colgrove, 213 Wayne street, Olean, N. Y.

—The April number of the Home and School Visitor was issued from the MINER office this week. It is an attractive number, full of interesting reading matter and reflects great credit on its editor, County Superintendent B. S. Bayle.

—A Pittsburg paper has the following notice regarding William Kerwin, a former base ball pitcher for the Bradford team: "Pitcher Kerwin a promising twirler secured by Wheeling from the Interstate League, may never pitch another game of ball. He threw his arm out recently and the prospect of his regaining form is not very bright."

—The East Smethport schools closed Tuesday of this week, under the able management of James R. Foote and his assistant, Miss Corwin. Mr. Foote has been principal of that school during the last two years and has given excellent satisfaction. We are sorry to hear that he will not be an applicant for the position the coming school year as he expects a more remunerative position.

—Mr. Thomas Kennedy of McKees Rocks, Pa., will deliver an address at Korns' hall this evening which will be very interesting to organized labor. He will discuss some of the recent decisions of the higher courts in regard to labor. All are invited to attend.

—The members of the W. C. T. U. are requested to attend the meeting Saturday, April 18, at 2:30 p. m., in the M. E. chapel. Arrangements for attending the county convention to be held at Port Allegany, April 23 and 24 must be made and delegates appointed.

—Oliver Dilley of Bradford arrested on a charge of larceny was discharged and Clyde Frank, arrested on a charge of felonious assault, was also discharged last evening, says the Era. Frank's prosecutor, Henry Moss, is in the penitentiary and was unable to appear in Bradford.

—"The Holy City" as presented at the Lyceum Tuesday evening by Clarence Bennett and a capable company, more than pleased the small audience in attendance. This was the third time the play had been produced in Smethport, which fact perhaps accounted for the light attendance.

—It has been discovered that E. W. Jones of Smethport, although defeated for nomination on the Republican ticket for sheriff, is the nominee for that office on the Prohibition ticket. Three Prohibition votes were cast in this borough last Saturday and one of these voters wrote in the name of E. W. Jones for sheriff. As there was no regular candidate for that office on the ticket, it has transpired that Mr. Jones was the only man voted for in that connection and is consequently Prohibition candidate for sheriff.

—After a trial lasting two days Mrs. Mary Dudick was acquitted of a charge of murder in the Elk county court last week. The charge against Mrs. Dudick dates from the 18th of last January when a house occupied by her and Mrs. Mary Pozier at Johnsonburg was destroyed by fire and charred remains of a body, supposed to be Mrs. Pozier's, were found in the ruins. Mrs. Dudick was therefore held in connection with the death of her companion. A large amount of evidence was presented at the trial which attracted much interest.

—Catholic sweethearts must make their engagements in writing after next Sunday, says a dispatch. Catholic marriages by Protestant clergymen or magistrates will be invalid. Such marriages have always been punishable, but the church considered them binding. They are not even that under the new Catholic law. The revised betrothal and marriage rules will be read from every Catholic pulpit in the world on Easter and become effective at noon. In speaking of engagements the law says: "Only those are considered valid which have been contracted in writing, signed by both parties and by either the parish priest or two witnesses. Only those marriages are valid which are contracted before a parish priest or by the ordinary of the place or by a priest designated by either of these and at least two witnesses."

—Because Miss Matilda Reidy, who teaches a district school near Coudersport, insisted that an Italian boy pupil should wash his feet she nearly precipitated a riot. The boy would not obey her command, so she punished him, and a swarm of his relatives besieged the school house and bombarded the teacher with volleys of lurid language, that fortunately, she was unable to understand. The Potter Democrat gives a long account of the affair, but neglects to state whether or not the boy's feet were washed.

—St. Elizabeth's fair opens next Monday with a chicken supper in the basement of the church, under the auspices of the Ladies of St. Elizabeth's church, and will be under the direction of Mrs. Frank McCarty. Wednesday a roast beef and brown gravy supper will be served, under the management of Mrs. W. H. Hungerford. Saturday night a clam supper of two courses will be offered, clam chowder and fried clams, and will be prepared under the direction of Frank Wolfman and P. S. Curran, assisted by the G.B.I. These suppers commence at 5:30 p. m., and all are cordially invited to attend.

—An Oil City dispatch in last night's Star, tells of a forest fire raging in that section which has swept over an area estimated at six miles square and caused thousands of dollars worth of damage to timber and oil property. The dispatch further says: "Part of the fire swept the Red Brush district, the best hunting grounds in this section of the oil country, destroying hundreds of the eggs of the ruffed grouse which are nesting at this time and killing off the partridges. There were hundreds of rabbits killed by fire and smoke and several deer were routed out of the burning brush, one big buck swimming from the south to the north side of the Allegheny river near the summer cottages of the Oil City Boat club."

—A dispatch from Binghamton, N. Y., on Monday morning conveyed the sad news that Mrs. Pauline Rapereut Rose, wife of Robert Craig Rose, had died in that place on Palm Sunday, April 12, at the home of Mrs. Hobart H. Rose. While always physically frail, it was hoped that this bright and beautiful life would continue longer among those who loved her so well; but the consuming disease which carries off so many, developed during the last winter and her sweet spirit was soon summoned and welcomed into "the land of the living." Many in this town who have known this lovely young woman, and who have known her husband all his life, would extend their sincerest sympathies. May she rest in peace, and may light perpetual shine upon her.

Smallest of American Islands.

Brooks Island, situated in the Pacific ocean, some thirty-five hundred miles west of San Francisco, is the smallest island over which the stars and stripes float. It was discovered by Captain N. C. Brooks, of the American ship Gambia, in 1858, and although it was a mere sandheap, less than two miles across, and seemed absolutely worthless, he annexed it in the name of the United States, and took such formal steps as were necessary to establish a national claim to it.

It was not until 1903 that it became of any value or interest. In that year it was utilized as a station for the trans-Pacific cable, and has since been inhabitated by ten or twelve cable operators and one solitary woman.

The highest part of the island is only forty-three feet above the level of the ocean, and if it were not enclosed and protected by the rocky circle of the barrier reef, the great seas raised by tempests in this part of the Pacific would go entirely over it.

The life of the cable operators on this remote, verdureless sand-dune in mid-ocean is perhaps more lonely and dreary than of any other telegraphers in the world.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending April 11, 1908:

Sigerrie Carl, Glen Foster.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

When a man writes as follows don't you think he means it? Mr. S. G. Williams, Powderly, Texas, says, "I have suffered for years with kidney and bladder trouble, using ever preparation I came across and taking many prescriptions all without relief until my attention was called to Pinoules. After 30 days' trial ($1.00) I am feeling fine." Money refunded if not satisfied. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Notice.

All persons who are indebted to us are again requested to call and settle their accounts at once. Accounts that are not settled on or before April 15, will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection. Mr. Sherburne will be at the store of George W. Brennan to make settlements.

HAGBERG & SHERBURNE.

For Sale.

Just received two carloads of fertilizer and farm implments. Three sets second-hand work harness, three second-hand heavy lumber wagons for sale cheap. E. W. Jones, Smethport, Pa.

Personal Mention.

Miss Amanda Anderson visited Olean to-day.

Ben Young is visiting friends in Kane this week.

Warley Gifford was a Bradford visitor Tuesday.

H. S. Rogers, Esq., of Mt. Jewett was in town Tuesday.

Paul Dovelle passed Sunday last with his parents in Eldred.

Miss Bess Harley of Bradford was a visitor to town Saturday.

County Superintendent B. S. Bayle visited Kane Wednesday.

Mrs. J. C. Backus was a guest of her mother in Eldred over Sunday.

Fuller McClellan of St. Marys visited friends in town during the week.

Mrs. F. P. Isherwood returned Tuesday from a few days' visit in Bradford.

Miss Kate Ryan of Kane is visiting relatives and friends in town this week.

Mrs. Luther Johnson of Kane was a guest of Mrs. Sheridan Gorton over Sunday.

Elmer Raymer of Olean spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Raymer.

Mrs. J. W. Bouton returned yesterday from a few weeks' visit in Buffalo and Jamestown.

Sherman Crocker and G. G. Hamilton of Eldred township were pleasant callers at this office on Monday.

Miss Edna Keenan of New York city is a guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Keenan, this week.

R. K. Godding, editor of the Kane Republican, was in town yesterday and made the MINER office a social call.

Miss Alice Daly is passing her Easter vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Daly. Miss Daly is a student at the Villa Marie academy at Erie.

Mrs. Lee A. Gibson, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. B. L. Knapp, for the past several weeks, returned to her home in Rochester, N. Y., Tuesday.

Larabee Notes.

Rev. Father H. J. Donahue of Sartwell, was calling on friends in town Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Foster, were visiting in Eldred on Monday last.

E. H. Carpenter, was transacting business at the county seat on Monday.

Mrs. Bertie Champlin of Coryville visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. Slingerland, Thursday.

Miss Esther Johnson came down from Port Allegany, Wednesday and was a guest of the Misses Alice and Ethel Johnson.

Our school closed Friday after a most successful term, with Miss Maude Hannegan of Eldred as teacher.

Mrs. A. E. Rice and children, Miss Alberta and Master Raymond, were over Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Rice of Haymaker.

Mrs. J. F. Johnson and children Miss Kathaleen and Master Theodore went to Austin Monday, to attend the funeral of their aunt, Mrs. Kate Haynes.

Miss Letha Wainman, of Smithtown, was a guest of the Misses Grace and Edith Moore, on Friday and Saturday of last week.

Mrs. Carman Sellar arrived in town Friday evening, after spending a year in Italy, a guest of her many friends and relatives. Mr. Sellar is interested in the wood job, west of town and they will reside in the Driscol house.

Desertion. Notice.

My wife, Pearl Olive Taylor, having left my bed and board about March 20, 1908, without just cause or provocation, I hereby give notice that I will not be responsible to people harboring her on my account nor for any bills contracted by her in my name.

IRA L. TAYLOR.

Smethport, R. F. D., No. 2, April 14, 1908.

Notice.

Anyone wishing to purchase a monument or headstone or desiring to have inscriptions out on monuments already erected or other cemetery work will do well to call on or address me.

M. A. COLVIN,
Mill St. Smethport, Pa.

For Sale.

A seven room house with bath. Good barn and lot. West Main street. For particulars apply at this office.

Phonographs on easy payments. Palace Pharmacy. Burg Chadwick, Prop.

Wm. MONHEIMER'S

IF YOU ARE READY

for your Spring Suit or Top Coat, come here now.

You'll find an assortment which, in extent and variety, has no match elsewhere. You find values that no other store can equal.

And Don't Forget

if we can't fit you in our elegant ready-to-wear clothes, we can make you a

Suit or Top Coat

to your order, at the same price as ready-made clothes — from $15.00 to $25.00.

WM. MONHEIMER.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

ONLY TWO DAYS BEFORE EASTER.

Are you ready with the new things to wear? We attach a list of the most wanted things, ample stocks of which are awaiting you at this store to-day.

The newest styles are well represented in the ready-to-wear apparel, and values are much better than the average store offers.

Look this list over.

Tailored Skirts	$4.00 to $17.50	Knit Underwear	10c to 1.00
Fancy Waists	2.50 to 5.50	Muslin Underwear	25c to $3.50
Lawn Waists	1.00 to 3.75	Parasols	1.00 to 3.75
Feather Boas	3.00 to 12.50	**Men's Wear.**	
Neckwear	10c to 3.50	Monarch Shirts	1.00 to 2.00
Gloves	25c to 3.75	Neckwear	25c to 50c
Belts	25c to 1.25	Gloves	1.00 to 2.00
Hair Ornaments	10c to 4.50	Hosiery	10c to 1.00
Ribbons	2c to 75c	Underwear	25c to 2.00
Corsets	50c to 3.50	Belts	25c to 75c
Heatherbloom Petticoats	3.00 to 3.75	Suspenders	25c to 90c

FRY & COMES

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
SMETHPORT PENN'A.

Just Received a Barrel of Erie Onion Sets

Oakleaf Soap	7 bars	25c
White House Coffee		33c
Surprise Coffee		23c
Princess Coffee		23c
Our Special Coffee		18c
Lard		12c
Lard Compound		10c

G. W. BRENNAN,
THE CASH GROCER.

LIST OF

Second-hand Cars Now on Hand for Sale Very Cheap

One Model H, White Steam Car, fine order, will sell very cheap.
" " F, " " " " " " " "
One light, 1904 White Steam Car, four passenger, fine running order, new tires, and recently repaired all through, price $550.00
One Model 8, Peerless 30 H. P. gasoline car, five passenger. Car in good running order.....price $550.00

F. H. Reed, General Sales Agent for McKean, Potter, Cameron, Elk and Clearfield counties, on and after January 1st, 1908, will have a first-class repair shop well equipped for all kinds of general repair work, and maintainence of Steam and other Cars. Expert workmen from factory. Your correspondence solicited.

F. H. REED, - - Clermont, Pa.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St W. F. Hungerford, SMETHPORT

S'posin'

By E. M. MURRAY.

[Copyright, 1907, by C. N. Lurie.]

IT had always been Cynthy's word, and Lem felt no disposition to quarrel with it under the circumstances. He let his mind run back to the long ago days when he carried her books to school and planned small treats within the scope of their narrow lives which his awkward tongue and self conscious mind almost prevented his laying before her. Cynthy was not given to many words herself, and so when he finally managed to suggest "S'pose we go herrying Saturday?" or skating, as the season might allow, Cynthy had always contented herself with replying "S'posin'."

He saw himself again as he was in those days, big for his years, hands and face tanned almost a leather color with sun and wind, a shock of unruly brown hair and eyes of almost the same shade. He did himself but scant justice as far as appearance went. It did not occur to him that he had been a goodly sight to look upon even at that time, for he had been then as now the seeming embodiment of rugged health. Looking at Cynthy, he saw traces of the same air of fragility that had characterized her as a child and seemed to set her apart from the other children. He had long known that it was not an inflation of weak health, but was due rather to a certain transparency of skin which neither sun nor wind seemed to affect. He felt just as big and overgrown beside her today as he had done years ago, and Cynthy's assent to his latest suggestion had filled him with the same sense of wonder and delight as in that old time.

He would have liked to know if Cynthy was thinking of those old days in the same way as he was. He recalled that in that faraway time he used to speculate whether that simple word of assent "S'posin'" caused Cynthy any of the pleasurable sensations it gave him to hear it. He had never dared to ask such a question, and he wondered if he ever would. There was a delightful possibility that he might, and his heart beat higher at the thought. If he had stopped to consider that fact, he would have known it was quite unnecessary, as that errand had not been doing normal work for a week past and before this first he realized that he was going at an alarming rate. Indeed, were there no prospect of a defense even the sturdy frame of Lem Minturn could not long have withstood its onslaught. But no thought of danger from that source rose in the young man's mind. There were more dangerous things for him to consider than

"S'POSE WE GO BERRYING."

the state of his heart. In fact, if questioned, he might have replied that he knew it too well to need to give it further consideration. He was more alarmed about the condition of another heart which he wanted for his own.

Thought was ever swifter than speech with Lem Minturn, and now as he stood beside Cynthy, looking down at her while she looked off toward the horizon, it traveled over all the little byepaths of memory the very approaches to which he had apparently forgotten until that day a week ago when he had seen Cynthy for the first time in six years. Ever since then his thoughts had been busy with olden days. He could recall all the chief events in the early life of both from the time when she was a tiny mite in pinafores and he was a sturdy lad rejoicing in his first real pockets. There was no break until she was fifteen years old and her family had moved away to the city where there were more advantages for the children. He had been seventeen then and had completed his first year in the mill.

There she stood, looking so much like the old days that he could almost have believed they had never been separated except for the recurring thought that he knew not what associations or ties she might have formed since last he saw her. It might be that the terrible longing in his heart was never to be satisfied, and then the necessity for speech became almost intolerable. It was because of this that he had spoken in the old fashion. "Cynthy, s'pose we tell what has happened since last we met?"

And Cynthy had not resented the return to old speech or the use of her name, but had answered simply, "S'posin'," and Lem was not disposed to quarrel about the answer.

But it was one thing to decide to speak and quite another to find the words one wanted. While he was still seeking them Cynthy said, "S'pose I begin?"

Gratefully Lem accepted their reversed positions and answered in his turn, "S'posin'."

Cynthy found a comfortable spot and sat down, while Lem threw himself at her feet. Then she began in a simple, unaffected way to tell the story, which the man eagerly drank in. So much depended upon that story. It would either open his lips or seal them forever, and he knew it. He composed himself to listen, determined that neither by word nor look should he embarrass her or make it difficult for her to give him this glimpse of her life. He could not help wondering if it meant as much to her as to him.

"There isn't a great deal to my story, Lem," said Cynthy. "I did not know how fond of the old place I was until we had moved away. They say that those who are left behind feel worse than those who go because new things take up the attention. I dare say that is true in a way at least, but there is a kind of longing for old places and old friends that is worse than physical pain when it strikes and that only the absentee can feel. True, it is not always there. One could not stand it if it were." Cynthy spoke in a reminiscent tone, more to herself than to him, and Lem felt a sort of comfort in the knowledge that he was not the only sufferer.

"I went to school and gave my whole attention to my books, as I had determined to fit myself for a teacher. Somehow I think it always lay back in my mind that I should return here some day. I will not deny that the desire became less a conscious purpose than a subconscious dream as the years went by, but—about six months ago it flamed into a purpose that would brook no opposition."

Here Cynthy paused and felt to thinking. Lem noted the fast changing color now, and his heart sank a little. He wondered what had roused Cynthy to the sudden determination and whether it boded good or ill for him and his hopes. Every moment seemed to make it more a matter of life and death that he should know his fate.

With heightened color and eyes that looked steadfastly at the far horizon Cynthy resumed her story, apparently unconscious of the anxious scrutiny of her companion. "About a year ago a young student came to board with us. As you know, I never had a brother, and before long we became excellent friends. It was very nice to have some one to depend upon, ever ready to do what one needed, to play escort and big brother. That was what we both called it at first, but it seemed to grow to be more, and—and—why, then, he asked me to marry him. It was a surprise to me at first, but after a while I thought I would say yes. Then it occurred to me that before tying myself to a promise that I might not be able to keep I should see more of life. I was not sure I could be a minister's wife, and besides I did not know whether I loved him or not. I needed absence to prove my feeling to myself. So that is why I am here. I applied for and finally got the position of teacher, and here I am, out with you just as in the old days, and it hardly seems as if it could be six years since then. Does it, Lem?"

Something in the question made the young man's heart leap and the hot blood rush to his head. He looked sharply at Cynthy, but she appeared to be merely wondering aloud, and hope died down again. But it was there for his story now, and, moreover, he felt as if he could tell it, indeed must tell it, let the outcome be what it might.

"It seems to me, Cynthy," he said, "that perhaps without my knowing it you have always been a big factor in my life. I had taken your friendship as such a matter of course that if I thought of it at all it was as something that could not be changed. Therefore your going off to the city that way was a blow that stunned me. I could not get used to it. I did not once think of asking you to write to me. In fact, I could think of nothing but that you were going. The place seemed mighty lonesome after you were gone, and I gave myself up to my work in the mill as if that, too, would never change. But it bothered me that you were going to have opportunities in the city that would put you away out of my class. That thought was discouraging until one day I said to myself, 'Cynthy, s'pose we both study?' And it seemed to me that I could hear you say, 'S'posin'.' That settled it. I began and after a year or two, during which I had been steadily advancing in the mill, I asked this question: 'Cynthy, s'pose I go away and take a technical course and fit myself for assistant superintendent?' And again you seemed to answer, 'S'posin'.'

"I talked the matter over with the superintendent, who had always been a good friend, and he heartily approved. Well, a few months later I went and put in some hard studying for the next few years. During vacations I worked in the mill and got thoroughly acquainted with its needs. I have not known many girls, because I have been too busy, and—well, that seems to be all there is to it. Here I am in the position I worked for, and I arrived just the same day you did."

"That is a coincidence, is it not?" said Cynthy as Lem paused. "We are both lucky, I think, to have found things going our way. Now that you have proved your dream true are you content?"

"I thought I was, Cynthy, until the night I got back; then suddenly it came to me that there was something lacking."

"Isn't that always so with dreams that come true, Lem? It seems to me that the only happy dreams are those that stay dreams," said the girl, with a slight sigh.

Lem made no direct reply to this bit of philosophy. He was in the mood of having his dreams come true and flocking the contentment. The suspense grew unbearable. He must know. Anything was better than uncertainty.

"Cynthy," he said softly, and the girl started from her reverie and turned toward him. Her face looked pale and weary, as if life had lost some of its charm. It made him pause a moment, but he gulped hard and spoke again.

"Cynthy, there is a reason for the failure of contentment for me. It is a

"S'POSIN'."

reason so old that I had not recognized it and, at the same time so new that it brings more pain than joy. Cynthy, you are the reason."

He paused again and saw the blood surge up into the girl's face. Her breath came in quick gasps, but she turned toward him with a look that was partly inquiry, partly surprise and some doubt, but there was no repugnance. That encouraged him to take up his narrative where he had so abruptly stopped.

"I love you, Cynthy, but I did not know it until a week ago. I thought I was too busy to care for girls; but, Cynthy, it was because you had all my heart, and I did not know it. It was really for you that I studied and won my way to success. I was too wholly a boy when you went away to understand what gave me such pain to part with you. But even then I must have loved you."

He paused for a moment as if to steady himself for what must follow. Cynthy said nothing, but she drew nearer to him as if unconsciously drawn, and her face was lighted with a smile that even Lem saw was the outward expression of inward joy. He drew her into his arms, and she did not resist. For a moment he held her so, while he waited for his heart to steady. Then with a twinkle in his honest brown eye he turned her face up to his and before kissing her said, "Cynthy, s'pose we get married?"

And Cynthy answered, "S'posin'."

He Won't Always Be One.

"I have a clerk," a New York wholesale merchant remarked the other day, "and he sometimes manages to hand back a rather good one, though as a rule he is little short of stupid, apparently. As a matter of fact, I suppose he is one of those dreamy sort of chaps, and you never can tell about that kind.

"I was sorry after I said it," he continued, "but recently he had made a most unnecessary blunder, and I lost my temper.

"'I say, Jones,' I sneered, 'you'd make a pretty good clerk, maybe, if you had a little more sense!'

"He looked at me for a minute with a sort of half smile. 'Didn't it ever occur to you, Mr. Brown,' he said, 'that if I had a little more sense I wouldn't be a clerk at all?'"—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Royal Golfer.

King James II. was a fine golfer in the sense of fondness for the game and in other senses too. He it was, as Duke of York, who, when challenged by two English noblemen at the Scottish court to a match, the duke to take any partner whom he could find, took to his side an Edinburgh shoemaker named John Patersone. The duke and Patersone won, and the latter, being given half the stake, built for himself a house, which is to be distinguished by the record upon it in Canongate to this day.—Fry's Magazine.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Accuracy of the Exchange in the Analysis of Events.

Barring the case of manipulation, which carries its own remedy and which is one of the evils of speculation, the stock market tells the truth. Temporarily indications may be misleading but it is eventually shown that its analysis of events is correct. The silent panic of March, 1907, was a promise of the panic of November. During the intervening seven months prices dropped steadily, showing plainly that there was a weakness in the financial and industrial structure. The utter foolishness of blaming speculation for the downward movement is obvious. The stock market with its daily record of prices said as plainly as it was possible to say, "Danger! Stand from under!"

Something similar happened in 1893. Bradstreet's for July 29, 1893, shows that twenty representative stocks fell on an average 45 points, or more than 50 per cent, between January and July. This mitigated the effect of the panic.

One of the most striking illustrations of the cold blooded accuracy of the exchange is recorded by Proudhon in the Speculator's Manual, published at Paris in 1857, in which he shows that in the later days of Napoleon and the restoration, while French patriotism was at white heat, prices on the bourse advanced with each victory of the allies, reflecting the belief that the defeat of Napoleon meant more for France than the success.—John Paul Ryan in Metropolitan Magazine.

ROYAL SCHOOLMASTERS.

Kings Who Turned to Teaching to Make a Living.

In the early part of the life of King Christian IX. of Denmark there was no prospect of his ever becoming the ruler of that country. With this in view he became a schoolmaster at the German university of Halle.

Being too poor to keep a servant, the Dowager Czarina Dagmar of Russia, one of his daughters, used to help her mother to do the housework and take care of the younger children. During this period three were King Frederick VII. and several others in the direct line of succession that stood before Prince Christian; but, by a succession of deaths that occurred, he became the heir apparent, and after the death of King Frederick VII. in 1863 he was proclaimed King Christian IX. of Denmark.

Another instance of a similar nature is that of Louis Philippe. During the time he was exiled from France, then being the Duc de Chartres, he became a teacher of mathematics and geography in Switzerland. About thirty-six or thirty-seven years afterward, on Aug. 9, 1830, he was proclaimed King Louis Philippe of the French.—London Answers.

Puzzling Differences in Weights.

Which is heavier, a pound of feathers or a pound of lead? They weigh the same.

Which is heavier, a pound of feathers or a pound of silver? The pound of feathers is heavier, because feathers are weighed by avoirdupois weight, which has 7,000 grains to the pound, while the precious metals are weighed by troy weight, which has only 5,760 grains to the pound.

Which is heavier, an ounce of feathers or an ounce of silver? An ounce of silver, because in the troy ounce there are 480 grains, while in the avoirdupois ounce there are only 437½ grains. The avoirdupois pound of 7,000 grains is divided into sixteen ounces, while the lighter troy pound of 5,760 grains is divided into twelve heavier ounces.

The First "Coin Sweater."

"Coin sweating," which so often figures in the Old Bailey calendar, is a very, very old crime. More than six centuries before Christ there was a coin sweater, one Alexander of Byzantium. He was chief officer of the public treasury, and he amassed an immense and sudden fortune by "clipping" the money in so skillful a manner that his frauds could only be discovered by weighing. The Byzantines gave him the nickname of "The File" from his making such dextrous use of that tool, whence probably comes the modern term of "file," applied to thieves, pickpockets and cunning hard-headed scoundrels.—Pearson's Weekly.

Clothing in China.

In winter throughout the cold latitudes of China the Chinese of all classes wear fur, wool or hair lined garments. Even the coolly laborers have their sheep or goat skins, and people of the middle and official classes have many sets of garments lined with the richest furs. In China houses are rarely heated to the winter temperatures of European or American interiors, and in consequence fur lined clothes are worn indoors as well as out.

He Got It.

"If Groucher ever comes around your place borrowing anything," said Wise, "don't let him have it."

"You've spoken too late," said Huskie. "He was around yesterday."

"You're easy. What was he borrowing?"

"Trouble. He's in the hospital today."—Philadelphia Press.

Responsible For It All.

Hewitt—I never should have had any trouble with my wife if it hadn't been for that man. Jewett—How did he make trouble? Hewitt—He married us.—New York Press.

One trouble with some people is that a very small effort enables them to keep their self respect.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A FEAT IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Daring Descent to Get a View of an Osprey's Nest.

Now commenced my work, and I descended on my rope to terrace after terrace, forcing my way through thick rows of prickly pear, a most painful operation. And now we found that there was nobody below to signal us where the nest lay. The inevitable result was that after descending more than 100 feet I had to signal to be hauled up again, always through the prickly pear. Again did I descend, and again did I fail to find the nest. On the third occasion I reached a recess in the great cliff, whence, after unbending my rope and securing it to a bush for obvious reasons, I made a crawl along a ledge to the south and reached a point which I identified as being not far from the nest as seen from below. So I retraced my steps and, regaining my rope, was hauled up for a third time. During this operation I passed a ledge where a peregrine falcon was nesting. The old female swept close around with shrill cries and eventually alighted on the sandy shelf of rock within a few feet of me and, with outspread wings and every feather standing on end, lowered her head and screamed furiously. I have no doubt I was close to her young, but I had more serious work in hand, and so I left her alone.

I now made my fourth and last descent and found myself immediately over the nest, but before I could go down to it the party handling the rope had to work their way down toward me, since the rope was too short. Finally I reached the nest, an enormous mass of big sticks measuring, more than five feet across and doubtless the result of many years' work. In it were two eggs much incubated. By standing on a ledge close to the nest and pushing the camera between my body and the face of the cliff I was able to make some long time exposures with fairly good results. It was near sunset, and the cliff was in deep shadow, which did not facilitate my task. Between the daily nature of the cliff, the slope of terraces covered with rotten soil and stones and the detestable prickly pears I never had a more unpleasant or arduous task or a cliff before. But I have lived to endure worse experiences, although not so painfully protracted as were these.

My very first entry in my diary summarizes the whole job thus: "Bad shale cliffs, vertical and dangerous. Height over sea, 160 feet. Top of cliff, 310 feet. The worst bit of rope work I ever did."

With regard to the prickly pears, it was many months before the last of the poisonous spines I had collected in various parts of my body could work or come out, and then only after most feverish suffering.—London Saturday Review.

Disinterested Professional Advice.

"Bring me that beef-steak potato"—

"Yassah," said the dining car waiter, listening near by.

"And bring me some of those French peas"—

"Yassah; but boss, maybe you all don't know dey's French peas in dat pile."

"No, I didn't. Thanks, George. And ah—and—ah, then bring me some potatoes."

"Yassah, boss; but maybe you all didn't know dey's taters, too, in dat pile."

"No, I didn't. Thanks again, George. It's mighty nice of you to keep me from buying a lot of stuff I wouldn't want."

"Yassah. Ah reckon it's mighty nice o' me t' do dat, boss. Ah's seen so many, mo-n-y people—nice gemmens, lak you all—waste money fo' veg'tables dat might jus' as well 'a' been handed over to th' waitch. Yassah. Ah sho' has."—Judge.

Bacteria in Butter.

"Bacteriologists have shown us that ordinary butter is swarming with germs," declares Good Health. "A single teaspoonful of milk generally contains from 2,000,000 to 10,000,000 germs. The number may even be much larger than this. In the removal of cream from the milk the germs are taken with it, and in the process of churning the germs are collected with the fat, so in the butter we have the concentration of a large part of the germs contained in the milk from which the butter was derived. So in a pound of butter derived from twenty pints of milk the number of bacteria must be almost beyond estimate. A brief computation will show that the number of bacteria contained in a pound of butter might easily reach the enormous sum of five to ten billions."

A Touch of Vanity.

On Nov. 25—St. Catherine's day—French girls who have passed their twenty-fifth birthday and are unmarried wear a little cap made of fine muslin, the symbol of maidhood. As the day approaches the millinery shops show these caps in great quantities, and their manufacture by young girls is always accompanied by jokes at the expense of old maids; but, strange to relate, these caps, because they are becoming to all, are worn on St. Catherine's day by young girls as well as by old maids.

Where It Doesn't Apply.

"Slow and sure," remarked the man with the quotation habit, "is a good motto."

"But," protested the thoughtful thinker, "there is one thing that can never be slow and sure."

"What's that?" queried the quotation dispenser.

"A watch," replied the t. t.—Kansas City Independent.

A woman's love is a paradox. You can't keep it unless you return it.—Philadelphia Record.

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheatz
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Reston, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Sinbe
State Senator—C. W. Williams, Wellsboro.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; R. P. Hazlegood, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy H. Mayo, Smethport
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. E. Ball, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. L. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Doyle, Bradford
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford; S. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Engelson, Smethport; O. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. I. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—L. R. Sherman, Bradford
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Hoyt, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strong.
Council—J. F. Rooney, president; W. G. Holder, secretary; A. A. Abbey, Alfred Hagburg, G. B. Denning, F. L. Shoeburne, E. E. Heath, H. H. Sessa.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—F. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, treas.; W. F. Specht, sec'y; John M. Eastman, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—H. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, H. E. Tull, W. E. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. R. Henderson.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McGuire.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 389, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

SAMUEL L. FAY, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 380, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

G. H. DUNNING, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 443, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

L. R. HOGARTH, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

A. O. U. W.—McKean Lodge, No. 99, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month, at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows' Hall.

H. M. CHOATE, Recorder. J. P. WALRATH, C. M.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 8:00 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. K. FOSTER, R. K.

L. OF T.—Mrs. Brown Hess, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon at 2:30.

MRS. A. A. ABBEY, R. S.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Sunday at 4 p. m. in the M. E. Church.

MRS. E. A. PARTRIDGE,
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 73, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

M. CAMPBELL, Pres.
JENNIE EGLESTON, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 13, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOONEY-HOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8:00 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 3 p. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. each Sunday, and at 10:30 a. m. on the first Sunday of each month.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 4 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church parlors. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 7:30 o'clock. All are invited.

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From the Mill District

BY ALICE COLE.

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MR. DORKINS felt a complacent pride in Dorkins academy. He had planned it only two years ago, and now there were more than eighty pupils enrolled, some of them from adjoining states. True, he had been very liberal in his policy of teachers and appointments and had insisted that the tuition fees should be merely nominal. But still he declared the school was getting on famously, and he felt a glow of satisfaction at the end of each term when he made out a check for the amount of expense not covered by the income. Indeed, he derived more pleasure from this very expense than he did from the income of his two cotton factories down by the river.

This river property was a sore grievance to good Mr. Dorkins. He had been in possession of it only a few years, but already he was beginning to feel that it was a heavy burden for his shoulders.

The operatives were of many nationalities and of all degrees of ignorance. The former owners had not been very particular about their employees. Willingness to work for low wages had always taken precedence of character.

Mr. Dorkins began the work of reformation cheerfully. It did not seem right to him to discharge any of the hands. Somehow he had a feeling that they went with the property and that he was responsible in a measure for their future.

Clubs were established, but they speedily became places of noisy revelry and were shotlished. A night school and reading room were started, but the few quiet ones who were willing to attend were driven away by the turbulent element. Schoolbooks and magazines were stuffed into the stove, and chairs and tables became weapons of offense and defense among the wild mill boys.

At the end of the year Mr. Dorkins had almost ceased active measures for their help. He would not own that he was defeated. He was only reviewing the situation, he said. In truth, by was at the end of his resources. He could see no plan by which to solve the young reprobates. It was at this time that he conceived the idea of the academy.

Ashdale was quite a large place and the mill hands formed but a small portion of its population. Mr. Dorkins hoped that among the better class he would find some active sympathy for his new enterprise.

Nor was he disappointed. A first class academy, with such ridiculously low tuition rates, was a prize not to be lightly overlooked. Nearly every family had a son or daughter who was promptly enrolled, and day by day Mr. Dorkins' benevolent face grew more beaming and glowing. At the end of the first term there was but one drawback to his complete happiness. In the long list of names he could not find a single one from either of his two factories.

Somewhere back in his boyhood Mr. Dorkins had won a school prize, and the glow of it had always remained in his heart. Now he set to work to bring that same glow to the heart of as many boys and girls as possible. Prizes were offered for almost every kind of excellence he could think of—conduct, scholarship, advancement—

"WHO WAS THAT SPLENDID LITTLE FELLOW?" HE ASKED.

and a grand special prize of a year's schooling for the best declamation to be delivered on the last day of each school year.

Mr. Dorkins had a profound respect for a good speaker. He himself had never been able to make a speech, and this very inability had enhanced his admiration for ready in others.

On the last day of the second year a general invitation was extended to the public to attend the closing exercises. One after another the classes came forward and went through their parts, and one after another the self conscious pupils passed under the fire of questions and criticisms. When it was time for the declamations Mr. Dorkins' manner became even more attentive and expectant.

Several pupils displayed their eloquence in stirring appeals to patriotism and liberty, but they were too conscious of the audience to do their best, and when they went down from the platform it was with an uneasy feeling of having failed. At length a trim, bright faced boy of twelve or thirteen came forward and delivered an eloquent statement of the Indian question. His utterance was clear and concise and without the least trace of embarrassment. Mr. Dorkins had liked his appearance from the first, but when he heard the distinct, rapid flow of choice words his enthusiasm became so great that it was with difficulty he kept his seat. As soon as the exercises were over he drew the principal aside.

"Who was that splendid little fellow?" he asked eagerly. "The one who gave us such a clear account of the Indian question? I don't think I ever saw him before."

"No?" There was surprise in the principal's voice. "That's strange. I thought of course you knew him. He's from the mill district—one of your own people. I had an idea that you were paying their tuition."

"Their?"

"Yes; his sister comes with him; that little girl who took the prize for singing. She has one of the best untrained voices I ever heard. I am very proud of them both. But it is curious you didn't know where they lived."

Mr. Dorkins looked troubled. "I haven't been in the mills much lately," he said, and the principal noticed that his voice trembled a little. "Somehow I have felt that the young people didn't like me. They have a habit of throwing snowballs and things, and—and"— He hesitated a moment, then broke into a short, nervous laugh—"of calling me 'New Jerusalem.' For the past year or so I have left things largely to the management of the superintendent. I—I thought it would be better for me to stay away. But you haven't told me the children's names yet," he added more briskly. "They must be looked up. I hope their parents will be willing to have them continue at school. Most of my factory people don't seem to have much respect for education."

"Yes, it would be a pity for them to leave just now, when they are doing so well," agreed the principal. "Still I think they are safe for a year at least. Each of them has won a year's tuition, and it is hardly likely their parents will take them away until they have reaped the benefits of the prizes. But you asked me who they were. Their names are Charlton and Charlotte Burless—a very pretty combination, I think. They were brought here on the first day of the term by a rough, ungainly fellow, who said his name was Hodges—a twister in the mill, he said he was."

As Mr. Dorkins walked down the path he rubbed his hands together softly and indulged in a low chuckle from time to time.

"Well," he soliloquized gayly, "who'd have thought it? A pair of mill children leading the school! It will be a rare joke on Dr. Green and the others. They'll have to admit that figs do grow on thistles sometimes. Well, well— Hello! What do you want here?" sharply.

He had reached the gate which opened into the school grounds, and there, seated nonchalantly upon one of the stone posts, was a rough, shock headed boy who might have been anywhere between sixteen and eighteen years of age. Evidently he had but just come from the mill, for his feet were bare and there were bits of cotton still clinging to his coarse clothing.

It was not often that Mr. Dorkins frowned, but now his face grew hard and stern. This rough, disreputable figure was not unknown to him. Only a few weeks before he had seen him in the mill yard thrashing a boy who was much larger than himself.

At first he had not interfered. The big boy was able to take care of himself, he thought. But when he saw that he was really being hurt and that the smaller boy did not seem to have an idea of desisting he had caused them to be separated. A minute afterward, as he was walking toward his office, he had glanced over his shoulder just in time to see the smaller boy clinch his fists and savagely renew the attack.

On another occasion his hat had been knocked off by a snowball, and, looking around quickly, he had seen this same boy dodging behind a building. No wonder he had been unsuccessful in remodelling such material.

"What do you want here?" he repeated as the boy looked up from a programme he was intently trying to decipher.

"Hello, Jerd—er—oh, beg pardon, Mr. Dorkins. Glad to see you!" The boy slid quickly from his perch and held out his hand frankly.

Mr. Dorkins hesitated but an instant. He liked straightforwardness above all things, and there was something particularly fine in the clear, fearless gaze of the young barefooted factory boy.

"And I am glad to see you," he said heartily, and with the touch of those strong, work fingers the last vestige of sternness left his face. "Are you waiting for somebody?"

"For the kids—my children, you know. Did you see 'em?" An eager light was now shining in his steely eyes. "Did they come through all right—no breakdown nor nothing?"

Mr. Dorkins looked puzzled.

"I don't think I know just whom you mean," he answered doubtfully.

"Why, Charl and Sis! You must have seen 'em," impatiently. "Charl was going to speak on 'Indians,' and Sis was going to sing. I don't believe any of the cast cadets could hold a candle to 'em," proudly. "Seems to me they're an awful long time coming out. Ain't the thing over?"

"Yes, it is over, but the pupils are holding a sort of reception. They'll soon be out. So they're some of your folks? Well, I am glad to see you." Mr. Dorkins was beaming now. "I don't wonder you are proud of them. I am myself. What does Mr. Burless do in the factory? I don't remember to have met him."

The boy looked him over for a moment before replying.

"There ain't no Mr. Burless nor Mrs. Burless either," he said at last gravely. "We left 'em on t'other side. The kids ain't got no folks except me. I'm father and mother and bread provider for 'em."

Mr. Dorkins looked his amazement.

"You don't mean to say that you support the children and send them to school?" he asked incredulously.

"I s'pose that's the size of it. But you needn't pile it up to my account."

"YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND THE FEELIN'," almost fiercely. "It ain't nothing to my credit. I owe 'em more'n forty times as much as that."

Decidedly it was becoming interesting, and Mr. Dorkins' hand found its way to the boy's shoulder almost unconsciously.

"Would you mind telling me about it?" he asked persuasively. "You factory boys don't seem to like me very well, but I assure you I have always had your interests at heart."

"Oh, that's all right!" replied the boy easily. "I sized you up long ago. The trouble with you is that you don't understand the fellers. They're a pretty good sort all round, but they ain't eating. Flesh blonk, they thought you was trying to rope 'em into some kind of Sunday school, and it made 'em sort of independent. But they've been coming round lately. There's a good many more'n one of 'em would jump into the river to save you from drowning."

"Really—really!" exclaimed Mr. Dorkins, and there was a suspicion of moisture in his eyes. "Well, I—I never thought of such a thing. I—I"—

"It's solid, anyhow," interrupted the boy quietly. "But about the kids—you see, we're from England. I'd saved up a matter of $400 or so and was coming to the United States to try farming. I didn't have no folks. While I was waiting for the ship I got acquainted with the Burless family. They were in the same boarding house and were waiting for a ship, like me. The place was unhealthy, and Mr. Burless took a fever and died. Then I took it, and Mrs. Burless cared for me till—till she got it herself. She was that weak and run down she couldn't rally, the doctor said. So she died, and the kids were left alone."

The boy's voice had grown low and tremulous, and he now turned his face away so that Mr. Dorkins should not see him furtively wipe his eyes. After a little hesitation he added abruptly: "That's all. I took the $100 and brought the children over here and went to work."

"What do you intend to do with them?"

"Keep 'em at school, of course. Their folks were real educated gentry, and I'm going to bring up Charl and Sis to be like 'em. When they're done with common schools, they're going to college. I've got a pretty good knack for working, and I'll manage it somehow."

Mr. Dorkins looked at him for a full minute in silence.

"Well!" he ejaculated at length. "I am more than glad to know you. But how about your own education?"

"Oh, that's all right," answered the boy lightly. "I can wait till the kids get through. Besides, I'm picking up a little as I go along. I help Charl a bit, and Charl he helps me a good deal. But of course Charl will get through first."

Mr. Dorkins saw his carriage approaching and took a few steps toward it. Then he turned and walked back.

"I saw you fighting a few weeks ago," he said, smiling. "Would you mind telling me what it was about?"

The boy hesitated.

"The—the big feller was sassing some of the mill girls," he stammered, "and I couldn't help it. After you left he fired a mean word at you, and—and I pitched in ag'in. But here come the kids."

Suspended Interest.

"Would you say that author has the gift of keeping your curiosity excited?"

"After a fashion," answered Miss Cayenne. "You are constantly expecting him to say something interesting, and he is always putting it off till the new chapter."—Washington Star.

Tired mother's worn out by the peevish, cross baby have found Cascasweet a boon and a blessing. Cascasweet is for babies and children, and is especially good for the ills so common in cold weather. Look for the ingredients printed on the bottle. Contains no harmful drugs. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

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POI IN HAWAII.

The Favorite Food of the Natives and How It Is Made.

In years gone by each native Hawaiian took a particular pride in producing his own poi (a food made from the taro plant), but nowadays it is made in factories, the work being done almost wholly by the native born Chinamen, who receive $1 per day for their labors.

I was fortunate enough at Lahaina, however, to see this staff of life made in the old fashioned way. The taro plant seems to be a cross between a sweet potato and a turnip, and the root is long and fleshy. This, after steaming, must be pounded into a sort of flour before mixing. A stone pestle is used, and often it requires hours to beat the root to the proper consistency. When a certain stage is reached water is added, and it is worked into a thin paste, put into a barrel and allowed to ferment. The taste for poi has to be acquired, and few if any foreigners ever care for it as food. To me it suggested sour starch. It is served on the native table in a huge wooden bowl known as a calabash, from which it is eaten with the fingers, each member of the family dipping into the same dish. The number of fingers with which is measured by the thickness of the poi, three fingers being required for the thinnest and one for that mixed to the consistency of mush. The taro plant is easily cultivated (this is also done by Chinamen), and I am told one square mile of taro will feed 15,000 natives. Factory made poi, which is pinkish purple in color, costs $1 a bag, about the size of a flour sack containing an eighth of a barrel. It is nutritious, cheap and fattening. Poi is the principal food of the luaus (native feasts). Roast pig is usually the meat on these festive occasions.—Ladies' Weekly.

THE COMIC SPIRIT.

Thoughtful Laughter Is the Test of True Comedy.

One excellent test of the civilization of a country I take to be the flourishing of the comic idea and comedy, and the test of true comedy is that it shall awaken thoughtful laughter.

If you believe that our civilization is founded on common sense, and it is the first condition of sanity to believe it—you will when contemplating them discern a spirit overhead, luminous and watchful, never shooting beyond them or lagging in the rear, so closely attached to them that it may be taken for a slavish fellow, until its features are studied.

Its common aspect is one of unsolicitous observation. Men's future upon earth does not attract it. Their honesty and shapelliness in the present do. And whenever they wax out of proportion, overblown, affected, pretentious, bombastical, hypocritical, pedantic, fantastically delicate; whenever it sees them self deceived or hoodwinked, given to run riot in idolatries, drifting into vanities, congregating in absurdities, planning shortsightedly and plotting dementedly, whenever they are at variance with their professions and violate the unwritten but perceptible laws binding them in consideration one to another, whenever they offend sound reason, fall justice, are false in humility or mined with conceit, individually or in bulk, the spirit overhead will look humanely malign and cast an oblique light on them, followed by volleys of silvery laughter. That is comic spirit.—"An Essay on Comedy" by George Meredith.

His Coffee Not Hot.

There are all sorts of tastes in New York, and, of course, everything is a matter of taste anyhow, as the old woman said when she kissed the cow. But one can find many strange ideas of how things should be done by simply listening while in a restaurant. The most unusual was heard in a quick lunch resort downtown the other day.

"Give me a cup of strong black coffee, not hot," was the order, and the waiter never said a word, just went along to fill the order, which a moment later proved to be a cup of steaming coffee with a piece of ice in the saucer to be used at the discretion of the diner.—New York Globe.

Like Father, Like Son.

Rev. Dr. Somers was in the habit of addressing Sarah, his wife, in polysyllables when he wished the children to leave the room. He never dreamed that they understood until nine-year-old Jack, recovering from measles, was one day enjoying the dear privilege of hearing his mother read aloud.

The doctor ventured in and began softly, "Sarah"—

Up rose Master Jack in bed. "Sarah," quoth he, "eliminate the obnoxious element!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

His Investment.

Old Lady (who had given the tramp a nickel)—Now, what will you do with it? Hungry Hobo—Waal, ye see, mum, ef I buy an auto there ain't enough left to hire a shofur, so I guess I'll git a saloon. I kin handle that myself.—Bohemian.

Cautious.

"How did you act when you asked him for my hand?"

"Very gentle and cautious. It quite took me by surprise."

"I told him you used to be a pugilist."—Kansas City Independent.

From the Start.

Attorney—Can you say that your husband ever showed signs of insanity, madam? Wife—The day he married me. I then discovered he was making only $30 a week.

It takes a wise man to make a bargain, but only a fool will stick to it.

The Mushroom Farm.

BY J. LUDLUM LEE.

Copyright, 1907, by P. C. Eastman.

The girls were holding an indignation meeting. Clara Carruthers was curled up on the window ledge, Myrtle Reed had stretched herself comfortably on the lounge, Mary Sands was perched on the side of a table swinging her feet, while two or three other girls were comfortably seated in armchairs. Myrtle Reed was reading the Goshen Leader, the principal local paper.

"Girls, it ought to be stopped. Here she is advertising for a man to fix the roof of that old stable. Yesterday she wanted a man to fix the furnace, and the day before it was a boy she wanted to water the mushroom beds. Her family are poor enough without encouraging Florence Weiss in any more of her foolish fads. Why doesn't she marry, as the rest of us have done?"

"That's what I asked Jack the other night," chimed in Mary Sands. "But she says she hates the men and wants to raise mushrooms and make a fortune of her own. Her grandmother left her $200, you know, and that is what she invested in the mushroom fad."

"Let's go down in a body and apply for the job," suggested Clara. "It is a glorious day, and the walk will do us good."

In the meantime Florence Weiss was unlocking the door of the old stable. Dressed in a short walking skirt and scarlet sweater, with an old tam-o'-shanter on her golden hair, she made a picture most unfarmer-like. Her blue eyes sparkled with anticipation as she entered the cellar of the stable to view her precious mushrooms. Florence had ideas and ideals, and she meant to live up to both. If the family expected her to marry just to replete their purse they would be sadly disappointed. Women were born for nobler things, she argued, and she would go forth and make money with her own hands and brains and not be herself to any man.

She knelt down by the side of one of the beds and with a spoon cut off a tiny mushroom sprung up overnight. She examined the spawn in another bed, felt the temperature of a third and then went to the door to call Malachi, the boy whom she employed to do chores.

"Malachi, Malachi!" she called out, but Malachi did not appear, so she went out to look for him. Behind the stable on the side hill she found him covered with tar and feeding a fire.

"Malachi, what is all this?" she demanded.

"Yes, ma'am—you see, ma'am—I Lord, miss, I've set fire to the tar," he wailed. "You see, miss, I was gettin' ready for the man to fix the roof, an' I opened the barrel of tar, an' it wouldn't run, so I thought, you see, ma'am, I thought I'd melt it—yes, ma'am."

"Well, Malachi, you're an idiot, that's what you are, and I never want to see your face again. You've melted it all right, and I'll have to buy more tar at $8 a barrel."

Malachi was discharged, and the man who applied to put on a new roof was installed in his place.

"Clean up the place," said Florence when asked what he should do, until more tar arrived for the roof.

Florence started for town and so missed the call that the girls paid. She was back the next morning, however, to see her new man started on his work.

"Get some of that fertilizer, Joseph, and bring it to me. This bed is in very poor condition and will never yield anything unless we work on it."

Joseph stared in blank amazement.

"Fertilizer, ma'am," he said. "Is it that pile of rotten stuff that was lyin' out yonder what you're speakin' of?"

"Yes, yes!" answered Florence. "Right there at the side door."

"Well, I'm after dumpin' it in the brook, ma'am," he announced. "You told me to clean up the place, and I done it, ma'am, to the best of my ability." And he straightened up his somewhat bent shoulders as if to emphasize his brilliant stroke of work.

It was too much added to the loss of the barrel of tar, and Florence sat down on the damp cellar floor and cried, but not for long. She soon dried the tears on her old apron and wanted her bitter anger on the head of Joseph. He stood for a moment listening, then turned and went out, muttering:

"I thought it was a lady, but I might of knowed diggin' in the dirt never made a lady yet." And Joseph was a thing of the past.

Florence sat upon the stone wall to think it over. Eight dollars for the tar of yesterday, $12 for the fertilizer of today. Ideas were not always practical, and ideals did not materialize as they might. Fight as she would against them, the tears would come again. The sound of wheels on the road near at hand roused Florence. She turned to see the express wagon from the general store about to deliver the barrel of tar. She jumped down from the fence and hurried to the gate which led to the old stable.

"Why, Mr. Rivers, what are you doing? Driving the express wagon?" she exclaimed as she recognized in the driver one of Goshen's leading young men.

"Hello, Flo!" he cried as he tied the old horse to the gatepost. "It's me all right. Just loafing around for a few days finishing up a business trip. Dad said you ordered this tar from the store, and I said I'd deliver it and kill two birds with one throw. I was coming up to see the wonderful mushrooms anyway before I left. Call you man to help me unload the barrel, will you?"

"Oh, Dick—Mr. Rivers, I mean. I haven't any man, nor any boy, nor any mushrooms. Yes, I've been crying," she added, as he glanced sharply at the somewhat wet cheeks. "You see," she went on, "I've had bad luck with my farming."

They wandered instinctively toward the wall. Dick took out his pipe and began to light it.

"Didn't your idea work out?" he said, with fine impersonal interest.

"Not very well," she admitted. "The idea is all right, but skilled labor is hard to get, and after all I'm only a woman."

"What about the ideals?" suggested Dick as he puffed away. "Seems to me you told me that you had ideals as well as ideas."

"Oh, I still have them—in my mind, of course, but they are so hard to find in real life."

Dick crossed his legs and hugged the uppermost knee. He was not looking at Florence, but straight ahead, across the fields which lay before them. It was one of those beautiful winter days which, apparently, had nothing but warmth of sun and breadth of blue sky to offer.

"It's just a year ago today," he mused aloud, yet as if talking to himself. "A year ago today, A man in love and a girl with ideals. Couldn't make it go. Such a team couldn't pull together in harness. Twelve months finds the man still in love and the girl clinging to her ideals. Hopeless case, eh, don't you think?"

"Oh, I don't know!" sighed Flo. "Not so hopeless as raising mushrooms, for instance."

Dick's knee slipped through his grip, and he stood beside the girl.

"What do you mean, Flo?" he demanded. "Can you forego the ideal and take me after all?" and he stretched forth both hands.

"Will you take me, Dick?" she said as her two hands met his.

"Take you, darling," and he drew her close within his arms. "Bet you said 'No.'"

"But I didn't mean it," she whispered, as she nestled her head to his neck.

"Didn't mean it?" he cried, looking down at the radiant face. "Well, but you said it, and how was I to know? You told me your best ideas of your own and an ideal he-love, so I went out to give the other fellow a decent chance."

"Men are such stupid creatures," she assured him. "I didn't think you'd take it for an age, and my ideas were to be hereafter best boys with you, and you, Dick—oh, you old dear—you are my ideal."

The strains of the wedding march sung in several different keys by untrained voices reached them, and they were confronted with the girls, who, having failed in their mission the day before, had returned to meet with better results.

On the wedding day among the presents arrived a barrel of tar labeled "Stick to it." Dick suspected his paternal parent, while Florence has always attributed it to Malachi. It stands in the yard of "Mushroom Farm," the title of their country place, so called because Dick asserts that his hopes sprang up in a night.

One Way to Get Food.

Four young fellows left Kimberley to try their luck at diamond digging near Christiana, South Africa, but were very unfortunate. All but their last shilling having been spent in buying meatie meal, ways and means had to be found to replenish the larder. After considerable discussion and wonder as to where their next food was coming from, a bright idea struck one of them, who, stalking out of the tent, said, "All right, mates, leave it to me." Proceeding to the camp store, he asked for a small bottle of diamond acid, in which the digger cleans his diamonds of impurities before selling them.

"Yes," said the owner, "but surely you want some stores?"

"Well, I do," said the starving one, "but I intended sending you an order perhaps tomorrow."

"Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today," was the shopkeeper's response. "Make your order out and pay when you come up to sell your diamonds."

The miner acquiesced, and there was great rejoicings in those poor beggars' tent when the wagon delivered that order. It is evident that the storekeeper thought the party had found some diamonds, or what use could have been the acid! After this luck changed, and the account was paid, the storekeeper joining heartily in the laugh at how he had been done for the time being.—London Scraps.

The New Footman.

Fun seems all the funnier when coming from the Quakers, because it is unlooked for and in contrast with their usual sobriety. For instance, what could be funnier than the method used by Nicholas Waln, a gifted minister of the Friends who lived in Philadelphia during the eighteenth century, to mortify the carnal pride of his wife? The story is as follows:

The wife of Nicholas Waln was an only daughter and for those days possessed a very large inheritance. She thought it would be suitable to her wealth and station to have a footman behind her carriage. This with being frequently expressed, her husband at last promised to comply with it. Accordingly the next time the carriage was ordered for the purpose of making a stylish call she was gratified to see a footman mounted. When she arrived at her place of destination the door of the carriage was opened and the steps let down in a very obsequious manner by the new footman, and great was her surprise and confusion to recognize in him her own husband.

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The Choice.

A young man stood before the mirror completing the finishing touches to a toilet of which he felt justly proud.

He was going to call upon the girl's widowed mother to ask for her daughter's hand in marriage.

At last everything was complete except his cravat. Before him on the dressing table spread the two cravats between which his choice rested, one, a neat black with a narrow white stripe, which he had bought himself; the other a cravat which the girl had given him for a present, a tie such as only women purchase.

"If I wear the black and white one, I'll look my best," he mused. "On the other hand, if I wear the one she gave me I'll please her immensely, but will look like a fright."

Then he whistled, walked around the room and carefully tied his cravat.

The mother said, "Yes," although there were tears in her eyes, and the girl thought he was the handsomest and best dressed man in the world.

Which cravat did he wear?—Bohemian Magazine.

In the Ghost Laying Business.

This advertisement appeared in London in 1777:

"Haunted Houses.—Whereas there are mansions and castles in England and Wales which for many years have been uninhabited and are now falling into decay by their being haunted and visited by evil spirits or the spirits of those who for unknown reasons are rendered miserable even in the grave, a gentleman who has made the tour of Europe, of a particular turn of mind and deeply skilled in the abstruse and sacred science of exorcism, hereby offers his assistance to any owner or proprietor of such premises and undertakes to render the same free from the visitation of such spirits, be their cause what it may, and render them tenantable and useful to the proprietors. Letters addressed to the Rev. John Jones, 30 St. Martin's lane, duly answered and interview given if required. N. B.—Rooms rendered habitable in six days."

Durability of Glass.

It does not seem odd to find inscriptions written ages ago still visible on the Tower of London or on the steeple of some cathedral, but one would hardly look on a fragile pane of glass in a common window for characters 200 years old. A notable case in point is that of the old house in London wherein the notorious Jack Sheppard once lived as a carpenter's apprentice. One of the window panes still bears an inscription cut in it by a glazier's diamond recording the name and address of a man who preceded Jack's master in that house.

The inscription is, "John Woolley Brand, Painter and Glazier, March 12, 1706."

That was nine years before the coming to the house of the famous Jack Sheppard and over 200 years ago.

Alexander the Great's Escape.

As a young man Alexander the Great escaped death in a curious manner. A great banquet was being held at Pella, the capital of Macedonia, at which were present the future conqueror of the world and his father, Philip. During the feast one of the guests proposed a toast and prayer offensive to Alexander, who hurled a goblet at him. King Philip, angry at this outrage, started up, drew his sword and rushed furiously upon his son, but he had drunk so deeply that before he reached him he fell prostrate among the terrified merrymakers. Not a whit perturbed at this extraordinary escape from death, Alexander retorted, "Here is a man preparing to cross from Europe into Asia who yet cannot step surely from one couch to another."

London's First Pawnbroker.

No one would guess that "uncle" had so illustrious an ancestor as a right reverend prelate, yet this seems to be so, for pawnbroking was first introduced into England by Michael de Northburg, bishop of London, in Edward III.'s reign. He set up an establishment for lending money to the poorer Londoners on portable property, and, according to Dugdale, if any sum so borrowed was not paid at the expiration of a year the preacher at St. Paul's cross was to announce that the pledge would be sold in fourteen days unless it was previously redeemed.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Servant.

"Remember," said the patriot, "that so long as you hold public office you are a servant of the people, a plain servant."

"Great Scott!" answered the suburban resident who had just been elected. "Can I act as haughty and overbearing and take as many holidays as all that?"—Washington Star.

A Wasted Motion.

"Ladies," called the president of the afternoon whist club—"ladies, it has been moved and seconded that there shall be no conversation at the card tables. What shall we do with the motion?"

"I suggest that we discuss it while we play," piped a shrill voice from Table A, and the suggestion was adopted.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Avarice.

Avarice is an incurable malady, an ever burning fire, a tyranny which extends far and wide, for he who in this life is the slave of money is loaded with heavy chains and destined to carry far heavier chains in the life to come.—St. John Chrysostom.

The Grocer's Jest.

"Most of my customers," remarked the grocer who had been out trying to collect some bills, "remind me of a pair of trousers sent to the tailor."

"How so?" inquired the cashier.

"Because they are pressed for money."—New York Press.

Sleep and Longevity.

Sleep is as necessary as air or food. Those who shirk the sleep of life are only hastening unconsciously to the sleep of death.—Brussels Independance Belge.

How He Did It.

"When I was connected with a certain western railway," says a prominent official of an eastern line, "we had in our employ a brakeman who, for special service rendered to the road, was granted a month's vacation.

"He decided to spend his time in a trip over the Rockies. We furnished him with passes.

"He went to Denver and there met a number of his friends at work on one of the Colorado roads. They gave him a good time and when he went away made him a present of a mountain goat.

"Evidently our brakeman was at a loss to get the animal home with him, as the express charges were very heavy at that time. Finally, however, hitting upon a happy expedient, he made out a shipping tag and tied it to the horns of the goat. Then he presented the beast to the office of the stock car line.

"Well, that tag created no end of amusement, but it served to accomplish the end of the brakeman. It was inscribed as follows:

"'Please pass the butter. Thomas J. Meechin, brakeman, S. S. and T. Ry.'"—Harper's Weekly.

Ant Merchants.

Ant merchants, clad in leather underwear, are to be found in Paris, London and several other European cities. Wherever pheasants are preserved the ant merchant is in demand.

It is not, however, ants, but the eggs of ants, that the man chiefly deals in. From every part of Europe ants are shipped to him, and he keeps them in ant runs—places similar in their nature to chicken runs—and he feeds and tends them carefully, so that their health will keep fine and they will lay generously.

The eggs he packs in wooden boxes and ships to various earls, dukes, counts and other game preserves in different parts of the world. And the ants themselves he slays as soon as they cease to lay, pressing them and selling them in black blocks similar to plug tobacco to dealers in birds and bird food.

It is interesting to be an ant merchant, but leather underwear is essential to the business, as the little creatures bite unmercifully.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Coincidence.

The strange story told by a defaulting debtor of his being recognized after he had been for six years trying to live down the past is not so strange a story as one which came within the ken of Professor Jowett. A good man went wrong, was caught and sentenced at Liverpool to imprisonment. After the sentence had served his term Jowett and others helped him, and he obtained a colonial editorship where his past was unknown. He did well; was a new man. One day a tornado swept off the roof of his office. Under the roof was discovered a batch of old English papers which had been placed there and forgotten after the mail had brought them. He set members of his staff to work to get out of the derelicts anything which might be interesting enough to print. The first thing that they found was a full report of the trial and conviction of the man himself, their editor, at Liverpool all those years before.—St. James' Gazette.

Pants and Trousers.

Everybody talks well when he talks in the way he likes, the way he can't help, the way he never thinks of. The rest is effort and pretense. The man who says "trousers" because he likes to say it and the man who says "pants" because he likes to say it are both good fellows with whom a frank soul could fraternize, but the man who says "trousers" when he wants to say "pants" is a craven and a trickler, equally hateful to honest culture and wholesome ignorance. He belongs in the same sordid category with the man who wears tight shoes and high collars that are a torment to the flesh, who eats olives that he doesn't relish and drinks uncongenial clarets in imitation of his genteel neighbor in the brownstone front.—Atlantic.

Book Evolution.

"Books" have progressed from the days when they were only wooden rods or bits of bark. For the derivation which connects "book" directly with "beech," both having been "boc" in Anglo-Saxon, is the favorite one. "Buchstaben," the German word for letters of the alphabet, means literally "beech staves." Many book words go back to such vegetable origin. The Latin "liber," a book, whence comes our "library," was properly the inner bark or rind of a tree, especially of papyrus. The Greek "biblion," whence "Bible" and "bibliophile," meant much the same thing. A "codex" was a block of wood, and "leaf" is obvious.

A Compromise.

A private soldier was taken to the guardroom for being intoxicated. He became excited. "Sergeant, am I drunk?" he asked of the "nascom" in charge.

"Yes—take off your boots," was the reply.

"But excuse me, sergeant," the delinquent continued, "I am only half drunk."

"Very well, then—take one boot off!" said his superior.—London Scraps.

Peculiarity of Madness.

Who can tell why it is that in madhouses the idea of subordination is very seldom to be found? Bedlam is inhabited only by kings, poets and philosophers.—Medora Messenger.

Hard.

"Pa, is it true that all men are made of dust?"

"I've had reason to think lately," replied the man who had been trying to get his notes extended, "that a good many of them are made of cement."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Women as Dramatists.

I have yet to see a woman's play in which the male characters shall seem real and vital. As portrayers of a sex not their own, men have a decided advantage over women.—Max Beerbohm.

A Lesson in Honesty.

There is a restaurant in Broad street in which nearly a thousand persons eat during the noon hour. Each person eats what he pleases and when he goes to the cashier's desk announces the amount of his indebtedness. The proprietors figure that to trust to the honesty of their patrons is a saving of precious Wall street minutes and, besides, is good business. Quite a while back eagle eyed employees capture a cheat. One of these, a youth, was "caught with the goods on" a few days ago and taken to the office of the proprietors. Given the choice of being arrested or going into the kitchen and washing dishes, the young man nearly collapsed of shame and fright. He begged not to be arrested and reluctantly agreed to wash dishes. For an hour or so the culprit struggled with a pile of dishes in a tub of steaming water. Then he was told he might depart. Now he brings his lunch from home.—New York Press.

What English Means.

Mrs. Smith—What are you reading, John? Mr. Smith—I am reading Herbert Spencer's "Principles of Biology." Mrs. Smith—Why—what—what's that, John? Mr. Smith—Herbert Spencer's "Biology." Let me read you an extract—his definition of life. Listen: "It consists of the definite combinations of heterogeneous changes, both simultaneous and successive, in combination with external coexistences and sequences."

"Why, John, what in the world is the man talking about?"

"I am astonished at you, Jane. Why, this is the work of the great English scientist."

"Yes, I know, but what is he writing about?"

"He is defining life, I told you. What did you suppose he was writing about?"

"Good gracious! I thought he was trying to get a patent on a clothes-horse."—London Tit-Bits.

When Religion Called.

In his book "Work in Great Cities" the bishop of London writes: "You have often not only to learn, but to practice, what may be described as the foot and door trick. It is relation to the boot and sometimes hurts the toe, but it consists in rapidly, but quickly, passing the foot in the moment the door is opened in order to secure, at any rate, a few minutes' parley." As to what may happen he writes: "After long hesitation it will be opened by a little girl about half a foot, and then you will hear a distant voice from the wash tub in the rear, 'Well, Sally, who is it?' Then Sally will answer at the top of her voice, 'Please, mother, it's religion.' You will require all your presence of mind to cope with that."

The time came, however, when every door was thrown wide open to welcome "our bishop."—London Christian Globe.

A big cut or a little cut, small scratches or bruises or big ones are healed quickly by DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve. It is especially good for piles. Get DeWitt's. Sold by L. K. Hegarth.

His Confession.

Miss Sallie Miller, the acknowledged belle of the town, had fewer beaus than were her due. This was owing to her father's peculiar aversion to all young men who called on his daughter. He had a disconcerting way of taking possession of the porch and snubbing her callers while they were waiting for her to come down.

One evening Newton Brown, a bashful young swain, came a trifle too early for Miss Sallie. Mr. Miller and Newton's father were close friends, but the boy had grown so rapidly that the old gentleman did not recognize little Newt Brown in this tall, gawky youth. "It looks as if it might rain," the young fellow ventured timidly.

"Tain't a-goin' to rain," was the gruff response.

For about a quarter of an hour they sat in silence. Finally the old man's curiosity got the better of him.

"Who are you, anyway?" he growled.

"Newton Brown, sir."

"What! Not old Jake Brown's son?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, well," said Mr. Miller more kindly; "it may rain; it may rain."—Everybody's Magazine.

Why the Sun Sets.

Little Jack asked his mother one night why the sun set so often. She told him that it might rise in the morning. This seemed a useless reason, and Jack hunted for another. At last he said:

"Oh, I know, mother. The sun sets so that she can hatch all the days."—Washington Star.

Came With a Shock.

Harold (after the fateful question had been put and answered)—Did I surprise you, dear? Maud—Surprise me? You paralyzed me! I gave up the idea two years ago of your ever having spunk enough to propose.—Chicago Tribune.

No Deceit.

Mother—Jack, when I gave you and Ella each an orange, you both promised not to eat them until after dinner. Is it possible you have deceived me? Little Jack—No, ma'am. I ate Ella's and she ate mine.—Chicago News.

Women in Japan.

A Japanese saying runs: "Woman is an unmanageable creature; flatter her, she is elated; thrash her, she weeps; kill her, her spirit haunts you."

We would suggest that the best remedy is to love her.—Japan Times.

Carlyle's Creed.

Man is born to expend every particle of strength that God-Almighty has given him in doing the work he finds he is to do, to stand it out to the best breath of life he has in his best.—Thomas Carlyle.

Beware of inquisitive people. An excessive curiosity to know all is generally accompanied by as great a desire to tell it again.

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IN THE MATTER OF THE PETITION OF THE C. PLATTS SOLID CUTLERY COMPANY, FOR DECREE OF DISSOLUTION OF SAID CORPORATION.

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF McKEAN COUNTY. No. 17, JUNE TERM, 1908.

Notice is Hereby Given that the C. Platts Solid Cutlery Company has filed in the above court its petition praying for a decree of dissolution, and that the court has fixed Monday, the 20th day of April, 1908, at two o'clock p. m. as the time and the said court as the place for hearing said petition and application for dissolution when and where all persons interested can attend and show cause if any they have, why the prayer of the said petition should not be granted.

BROWN & FERGUSON, Solicitors for Petitioner.

Executor's Notice.

Estate of Ann Reilly, deceased, late of Smethport borough, McKean county, Pa.

Letters testamentary having been granted to the undersigned all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

M. D. GIBSON, Executor.
Smethport, Pa., March 25, 1908.

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